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A Critical History of Free Thought in reference to the Christian Religion. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year MDCCCLXII., on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton. By ADAM STOREY FARRAR. London: John Murray. 1862.

SINCE Paul before Felix uttered his famous saying that “after the way which men call *free thought*”* he worshipped the God of his fathers, the relations between intellectual liberty and spiritual faith have offered the most constant and the most vexing problem in the history of the Christian Church. A careful, able, conscientious, and scholarly discussion of this problem, in the different forms it has presented in these eighteen centuries, makes the latest contribution to theological learning on the celebrated Bampton Foundation, at Oxford.

The thick, handsome, and prepossessing volume by Mr. Farrar covers too large a space, includes too many matters of detail, is too ambitious of a certain statistical completeness, and, moreover, too frank in its avowal of a purely didactic and practical aim, to be of the highest sort of value to the careful student of these matters. And yet it offers an aid in the study of them which he will gratefully recognize. There is nothing offensive in the dogmatism with which the Oxford lecturer conceives it his duty to treat his vast subject. Unfriendly criticism is disarmed by the candor of his avowal that

* Ἡ λέγουσιν αἴρεσιν.

the very conditions on which he speaks preclude the unprejudiced and free discussion of any of the points, even of mere erudition, with which the lectureship may have to deal. The very terms of it prescribe that it shall be didactic, apologetic, dogmatic. The only point to be ascertained is that the lecturer undertakes his task in good faith, and intelligently accepts, as critic, the principles which he must defend as advocate. In language which wins confidence and respect, Mr. Farrar assures us that he has done this. Before entering upon holy orders, he had made himself acquainted, at first or second hand, with all the objections raised against the current conception of the Christian revelation by the school of English Deists, and conceived that they had been satisfactorily answered. In special preparation for this present task, a laborious course of study had made him informed of the more recent schools, Continental and English, of philosophical, historical, or literary scepticism ; and his classification of them shows, to say the least, as complete a mastery of their main outline and direction, and as fair an appreciation of their spirit, as any study of them *ab extra* could be supposed to give. The mere breadth of range and quiet impartiality of treatment puts aside the possibility of that deeper apprehension of them, which can be had in its fulness, perhaps, only by a partisan, and in less degree by one of keen philosophic insight, who in good faith matures his own view by comparing it with many others.

An assumption is apparent at the threshold of this volume which will more or less affect its value to the reader,—namely, that “free thought” is to be dealt with as a thing outside the limits of sound Christian belief. This assumption is not put forward in an offensive way. On the contrary, what is suggested by the phrase is clearly distinguished from that “free-thinking” of the eighteenth century which was consciously antagonistic to the Christian faith. And we have not observed any expression which would imply moral hostility or contempt towards a sincere absence of belief,—still less, anything of that theological judgment which pronounces it doomed and accursed of God. But the fixed conditions of Christian belief are recognized with great distinctness, as op-

posed to the unanchored liberty of speculation. They consist, in Mr. Farrar's statement, in these three things: first, the acceptance of a sacrificial atonement, as essential to man's salvation; secondly, the miraculous and divine authority of Scripture; thirdly, the personal indwelling and controlling power of the Holy Ghost in the believer's soul. These are the three essentials of faith on which, as a foundation, the Christian Church is built. They are the Divine trust, which it is the commission of the Church to cherish and defend. As nearly as possible, the vindication of them defines the mission of the Church, in its encounter with the adverse forces of the world. There are four great historic forms in which that controversy (regarded on its intellectual side) has been carried on. These are,— 1. The struggle against the Heathen Philosophy, waged by the first apologists, and terminated by the victory of the Church within the Empire. 2. The labor of the Christian doctors of the Middle Age to correct the sceptical tendencies of Scholasticism. 3. The religious struggle of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with the infidel literary spirit of the Renaissance. 4. The controversy invited by the manifold forms of Modern Philosophy. These topics, firmly and clearly sketched at the outset, define the purpose and prescribe the arrangement of the lecturer's argument.

Such criticism as we might be disposed to bring against the logical method of these lectures were easy to anticipate, and had perhaps better be implied than stated in detail. It is not our habit, in dealing with questions of learning, to defer much to dogmatic assumptions of what the decision of them must be. We are willing to take our lecturer at his word, when he says that his purpose is "to guide the student, not refute the unbeliever," and we judge of his statements accordingly. The gulf between his position and any that we are accustomed to think of as sure, or even possible, in these days, is shown in a single sentence, (page 462,) where he meets certain views on the Old Testament with the suggestion that the historical narrative of Scripture is "not amenable to criticism." And in brief, gathering what we may of pure information from the book, we dismiss altogether the task of dealing with the writer's opinions as such, or vindicating ourselves from any possible charges which he may have implied against us.

It is only with the leading assumption already alluded to that we have now to do,—the assumption that the intellectual structure of belief within the Church is fixed on an unswerving foundation and in invariable outline, while the sphere of free thought is, if not essentially antagonistic, at least quite outside its limits. This supposed antagonistic or independent power has been, as Mr. Farrar reminds us, ascribed by some theologians to the direct agency and prompting of evil spirits; but, dismissing this conjecture, (which would put the topic outside all limits of criticism,) he deals with it partly as originating in the freedom of the human soul, which delights in unlimited ranges of speculation, partly as controlled by historical conditions such as modify all the phenomena of a given place and time. In all this he is modest, sensible, and right. He does not see so clearly, or state so strongly, that the historical development of the Christian doctrine itself is also subject to the same conditions. And yet, if nothing more, those words of Paul which we began by quoting might serve to show this to be both true and necessary. What “men called free-thinking” in him was, as the apostolic narrative very plainly tells, distinguished hardly more from the dogmatism of the Jews with whom he broke, than from the narrower view of the Christians with whom he joined. And no result of the more recent criticism is at once more positive in the main fact, and more curious in its details, than the sharp antagonism between the Pauline doctrine and the “orthodoxy” of the early Church.*

Strictly speaking, however, the element of “free thought” is only one, and by no means the principal one, that has to be taken into account by the historian of religious belief. The type of belief found at any given period is determined, not by the wilfulness of those who set themselves to be its expounders, but by the grade of mental culture, by certain fixed intellectual conditions and social or historical phenomena of the time. While the faith itself is a vital phenomenon,—one which we do not profess to “account for” in any merely scientific or speculative way,—theology takes its rank among

* Illustrated especially in the writings known as “Clementines.”

the sciences, dealing with these (so to speak) visible and outward relations of the faith. Religion in its essence we regard as lying quite outside the range either of science to explain or of free-will to create. But its anterior conditions and determining influences do come within the domain of science, and the investigation of them is always a legitimate problem of theology; and this as well within as without the Church. We do not think it necessary to defend a proposition so evident to any one who reflects at all on the laws of human thought. But, to meet what seems to us the implied fallacy of our author's method,—a fallacy implied, also, in much of the prevalent talk about religious things,—we shall try to make it plainer by a few illustrations.

In tracing the development of Christian thought under the conditions found in the mental atmosphere in which it had to grow, we shall find our most convenient starting-place in *the antagonism between the Church and the world*, as it lay in the mind of the first Christian thinkers. The "kingdom of Heaven," as practically conceived by them, was to be a state where that antagonism would be yet more rigidly defined. We do not think it necessary to go into any proof of a fact so apparent on the surface of the Testament, and so faithfully reflected in the current religious language of Christendom, even now. Neither do we attempt to trace it to its sources in the speculations of the remoter East.* It is sufficient to present a few of the more striking indications of it, and to show its working in some quarters where it is often overlooked. It lay deep in the thought, and gave vivid expression to the features, of the early Christian age. The fortitude of the martyrs evinced in part their loyalty to truth as such, but even more, as we are compelled to believe, the strength of their conviction that by such steadfastness alone they should escape the fiery doom of the Pagan world. And at least as early as Tertullian,†—perhaps it would be equally true to say the writer of the Apocalypse,—the triumphant anticipation of the judgment-

* Which Professor Guyot ingeniously argues may have been first suggested by the strong contrasts of Asiatic scenery.

† We shall take an early opportunity to illustrate the importance of Tertullian's writings, as expressions of the period to which we refer.

day was that of heaven and hell, as the exaggerated projection, on the background of infinity, of the same antagonism,—a final separation of elect and reprobate, on the precise line of that old hostility.

Thus the Church came very early to regard itself as a separate community, utterly disconnected (save in the thought of superior men, like Justin and Origen) from the organic life of the world's past. It came to be spoken of among its members as an organized community, or "polity." Its earliest action indicates a primitive and rude attempt at the organization of society,—an attempted solution of the social problem on the basis of communism. The later expansion and development of this germ, in that shape of communism known as the vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience, constitutes (as we know familiarly) one of the most remarkable features of the social institutions of the Middle Age. And in the very earliest time, the separation of thought, interest, and destiny which it already indicates was fruitful of consequences affecting the entire circle of Christian life. The Church early affected an independence and completeness within itself, which became very apparent as the hope of Christ's reappearance declined, and especially as the age of persecution passed away. Thus, in elaborate parallel with the highest development of the polytheistic states, side by side with the "polity," or organized community, was a corresponding "philosophy," or higher intellectual culture, which in the Christian state was monasticism.* And the most elaborate work of patristic theology—Augustine's "Civitas Dei"—devotes four books to the "exortus duarum civitatum, quarum est una Dei, altera hujus mundi: quarum est una quæ prædestinata est in æternum regnare cum Deo, altera æternum supplicium subire cum Diabolo." In other words, that first instinct of antagonism is simply projected upon a larger and more imposing historical scale; and ancient annals, not yet regarded as the reading of universal providence in human things, were ranged in the two great classes, sacred and profane. The dogmatic

* "This philosophy came down from heaven as a secret and divine thing. The author of it, some say, was John the Baptist, some Elias." — Sozomen, *Hist. Eccles.*

propositions of the Church became a series of pragmatical antitheses ; and the running contrast of nature and grace, heaven and earth, the Church and the world, elect and reprobate, was the reflex, in the detail of theological belief, of a state of things compelled upon it by the nature of its attitude in a pagan age.

We have to bear in mind, furthermore, that, besides consecrating the single life, and elevating the tone and temper of individual minds, by its purely religious influences, the Church (as just suggested) undertook to meet and solve the entire social problem. It undertook to organize and complete the embodiment of the Christian life, under the direction of a spiritual authority. It was for the sake of vindicating its own wholeness, vigor, and unity that the great controversies, Arian and Pelagian, were waged. It aimed to lay down one rule of faith ; it enjoined one creed on all ; and sought to build, of the scattered Christian societies, one universal and catholic society, which might be literally the kingdom, or “state, of God.” And thus — after the first looking for the visible return of Jesus in the clouds of heaven — the Catholic organization of the Middle Age was the inevitable and elaborate, though partial, interpretation of the Christian scheme.

Another thing which went far to determine the characteristics of early Christian thought was an exceeding shyness of science, — even of such crude and imperfect physics as had been attained in the ancient world. It was, as we familiarly know, not till the twelfth or thirteenth century (and then only through the Arabs and the Moors of Cordova) that Aristotle became known as an intellectual “potency” in the Christian world, and was studied, not for his science, but for his metaphysics. It seems doubtful whether even Origen was aware of the splendid and nearly contemporary development of mathematics and astronomy in the Alexandrian school, represented by two such names as Euclid and Hipparchus. Augustine especially commemorates his own antipathy to mathematical studies. The narrowness of his view, or, perhaps, the decline of ancient physics, is seen in the fact that he confounds the “mathematicians and astrologers” in one reproach, and seems quite unconscious that science has

any other use than jugglery.* It deserves mention, also, that Galen, the father of human physiology, who flourished in the second century, finds no place in the history of Christian thought, though justly cited by Cudworth among the profoundly religious thinkers of the world. When the mob at Lyons mocked the martyrs' hope of a resurrection by scattering their ashes in the Rhone, there was no physiologist on that side to vindicate or spiritualize that hope of immortality which clung so obstinately to a miraculous revival of the corpse.†

It was one consequence of the antagonism adverted to, that our familiar conception of a kingdom of God in nature—anticipated in the splendid rhetoric of the Stoics—was one utterly impossible and unintelligible to the mind of the early Christian thinkers. Having no scientific principles to guide them in observing natural phenomena, their highest attainment in that direction was a vague religious admiration, (of which the Hebrews had given the example,) liable to be turned to repugnance at coming upon any new class of repellent facts. Hence an undefined antipathy towards the natural world, and a vague confounding of it in the same condemnation that attached to Paganism. The practical result of this was ascetic monachism; its theoretical result we have already seen, in the character of the Church doctrine. Even when it did not amount to the extravagance of the Gnostic or Manichæan hypotheses, it gave (as in the instance of Augustine) a strong and deep coloring to the Christian theology, and helped to fix that mark which seems almost indelible in the Christian mind generally,—that sense of the strong mutual antithesis of nature and grace, suggested first, we believe, by Marcion.‡ Manichæism, though inextricably and fatally blended with an absurd physical hypothesis, found no other answer from Augustine than the antipathy of his religious sentiment. His

* See Confessions, Book IV. Chap. IV. What is said in allusion to Augustine's attitude towards physical science will not be taken in disparagement of his inestimable services in the department of the Christian life.

† Even Grotius finds it necessary to defend this dogma at some length in his tract, "De Veritate"; and it has been studiously grafted both on the Apostles' Creed and on the Burial Service of the English Church.

‡ Who held to three first principles,—a *good* God, a *just* God, and an eternal realm of Matter.

reaction against it began with his disgust at the character of his teachers, and their equivocal replies to his interrogatories. In his reasoning against it, so far as we can trust our memory of the controversy, there is an utter absence of scientific criticism ; and the point of view is simply that of impression, impulse, and personal feeling, together with that exaggerated habit of contrast spoken of before, which made him reject the merely imperfect as hateful and antagonistic. How remote all this is from the calm and accurate discrimination needful in dealing with physical or ethical phenomena, requires no further proof. Such as it was, it has underlaid or overlaid almost the entire current of the prevailing dogmatology.

In this helpless confusion of thought, as regarded the expounding of natural phenomena, there was no course to take but the summary one of referring them all immediately to one or the other class of agencies,—to God or Satan, to angels or devils.* This tendency is seen alike in the popular phraseology of the New Testament, the transcendental speculations of the Alexandrian theosophists, and the controversial theology of the early Christian centuries. How utterly impossible was any discriminating criticism of such matters, and how incapable were the current disputations respecting the supernatural, is shown in the *naïveté* of the Church legends recorded in the apocryphal Gospels, and by such historians as Nicephorus, as well as in the fact, that the Christian writers had nothing to say against the alleged miracles of the Neo-Pythagorean hero, Apollonius of Tyana, except to refer them pragmatically to the Devil.

The endeavor to insulate the development of Christian thought, by interposing the non-conducting medium of ecclesiastical prejudice, necessarily failed beyond a certain point ; and some of the intellectual tendencies of the time were as faithfully reflected within as without the Church. The coincidences between Neo-Platonism and Christianity, on the side of pure speculation, present one of the most interesting problems of Church history. In the theology of Philo, as is well known, almost every point of the earlier dogmatics is clearly

* For the language respecting demons, see Grote's History of Greece, Vol. I. Ch. II.

anticipated or reproduced. "We find in him, already, the Logos as the second Divinity, the first-born son, the image, messenger, and executive agent (*ὑπαρχός*) of God, the light of the world, the advocate, or intercessor, the mediatorial high-priest, the refuge and physician of souls, shepherd of the flock, ordainer of all things, seal of the testimony, fountain of wisdom, and sinless saviour from sin; we find the doctrine of ransom, or redemption, of spiritual blessedness, of faith and repentance as the source of good works and ground of justification, of the Holy Spirit, and the sacred Triad." Vacherot represents the Nicene symbol as of the nature of a resultant, or compromise, embracing the Oriental theosophic dogma of the Infinite, or Bythos, the Platonic Logos, or realm of eternal Ideas, and, lastly, the Stoic doctrine of the immanent Spirit of the Universe. The antique rage for abstract speculation and verbal analysis had "ample room and verge enough" in the realm of the yet plastic theology; neither checked, as in the ancient world, by the rigidness of social institutions, nor corrected, as in the modern world, by any habits of strict scientific thought. Even the idea of sacrificial expiation, so essential a feature of the Hebrew mind, and so dwelt on in typical interpretations of the Old Testament, was so far subordinated to the purely speculative habit, as, by the acknowledgment of Isaac Taylor, to have "involved the loss of its vital influence"; and he laments that "Orthodoxy, during some eras, could by no means claim the majority as its adherents."* The polemics of Arius, so far as we can see, were confined to the wearisome and teasing repetition of one idea; and those of Athanasius are mainly made up of loose and violent assertion, which very few would care now to read or answer. The student of the history of the early controversies and creeds is perpetually struck at finding anticipations of almost every shade of recent speculation. The doctrine of "God in Christ," set forth a few years ago by Dr. Bushnell, as a solvent of modern difficulties, was proposed and set aside, time and again, in almost his precise terminology, while the Church was gradually bringing

* See "Ancient Christianity," pp. 252, 433.

the Trinitarian dogma into shape.* The difference seems to be, in part, that, while these represent the ascending, he represents the descending node of speculative faith ; and, in part, it is the difference between the barrenness of ancient analysis and the richness of modern culture.

In short, the early “ creed of Christendom,” the traditional and received theology of the Church, is the exponent or resultant of certain speculative tendencies and practical wants of the early Christian organization. It reflects the intellect of the age in which it was developed ; and even that imperfectly, with the immense deduction of ignoring the entire scientific, and recognizing only the purely speculative attainment of the Greeks. A word, next, of the transformation which that primitive type of Christianity has undergone. This will be shown best by considering, first, some of the influences at work at particular marked periods, and then their effect in the transmutation of special doctrines.

It was not a matter of choice or will, but of simple necessity, that the Christian organization adapted itself to the circumstances of the time,—to the standard of knowledge, the wants and culture, of each succeeding generation. Indeed, the fact itself is neither more nor less than one of the symptoms of its vitality. A living organism not only resists, and as it were keeps at bay, the elements which prey upon its structure, but is insensibly moulded by them, so as to fit the conditions in which it has to live. To resist beyond a certain point would be sheer helpless suicide. The antagonism, at first so sharply drawn, between the Church and the world, came to be merged in something like unity ; so that each element had its allotted place. And the grand hierarchy of Rome gained and held its power, not by being strictly one and the same through all ages, but by the suppleness of its organization and the skill of its policy,—by its pliancy, so to speak, and its flexibility in the hands of the changing generations. Its vague assertion is of a complete identity of doctrine and spirit. Its boast should be quite as sagacious, and a good deal more true, from the quality precisely opposite.

* See Gieseler, Vol. I. pp. 101, 127, 197, 204, 229, for the indications of this process.

And if this is the case in respect to the splendid and imposing unity of what claims to be the oldest and only true Church, much more is it with those which were made expressly *to order*, as it were,—which grew up, or were built up, without any, or with only the feeblest, historical pretensions; and served only to meet one mental, moral, or religious want or another, according as each was most strongly felt, and uppermost. What a glance shows us to be inevitable, a very few words will suffice to exhibit as fact.

Of the periods which might be selected as its illustration, we speak of only three.

The first was the period of the great conflict which the Church maintained with barbarism. Its zeal, and the thoroughness of its discipline, were most conspicuously shown in the monastic life, at least in the form it took in Western Europe. The monasteries embodied the intense and central life of the Church. They were organized (says Guizot) only secondarily for thought,—primarily for action. Their office was to nurture and drill men in the ascetic and strenuous type of virtue then held in chief esteem, and to execute the heavy task-work of an incipient Christian civilization. The grand missions of the Church were undertaken and carried on by them,—works not of mere attack, but of systematic and necessary defence. The defensive campaign must be conducted on offensive principles. The threatening barbarism of Germany and Scandinavia must be defeated on its own soil. What the Church required then was a generation of Christian heroes,—men like Boniface and Anschar; and she had them. The theology such men wanted was sharp, compact, executive. Themselves might be mystics, as was Anschar, with fervent day-dreams; or heralds of intellectual culture, like Boniface, founder of the great school at Fulda. But as working men they wanted a working faith. The one thing needful was an effective appeal to the sensual imagination of barbarians. And the worship of relics, the legendary miracles, the doctrine of the “real presence,” the immense central power of Rome, are the strong marks which that age left on the Christian history.

The next was the period of the independent growth of modern metaphysics, when the thought nurtured and favored by

the Church began insensibly to undermine the fabric which it had aided to rear. The European intellect was trained to the practice of a formidable analysis. We have no right to break the continuity of modern thought, or refuse to see its historical evolution. Reuchlin and Erasmus were legitimate sons of the scholarship of the Church ; and Melancthon traced his new symbols of faith on the background of mediæval learning. As applied to the ancient structure of belief, the process has been in the main a disintegrating one. Metaphysics might assume the championship of the Church theology, as it did under the Schoolmen ; but its essential tendency must appear at length. The line of legitimate descent from Scotus Erigena, or Anselm, brings us at the last to Hegel. The belief of men has to undergo a filtering, or analysis, severe as that by which we test chemically our soil and food ; and what stands by the sufferance of the intellect does not overawe the conscience, as it did before. If the old doctrine is still admitted, as a matter of complaisance or of course, it is yet a very different thing to the imagination and religious feeling ; it bears quite another ratio to the whole body and mass of thought. Its proportions and perspective are altogether changed, with the change in the received maxims of belief. What was once the sum and burden of a man's thinking becomes incidental, and occupies only a particular place in his mind. Where knowledge comes, it supersedes the faith. It cannot be the same act of the mind with which we view a process we understand, and one that is vague, mysterious, and incomprehensible. The access of knowledge puts back the boundaries of reverence and trust, which the critical intellect has already detached from the ancient symbol. And this whole process was already heralded and foreordained, when, in the thirteenth century, the universities and the mendicant preaching orders sprang up side by side,—when, in other words, the intellect of the Church was divorced from that religious agency with which it appealed to and guided the popular faith.

The other significant period, introducing a new potency into the region of Christian theology, was the period of the Reformation ; when (as the ethical sense of that word denotes) the moral element began to be employed as a critical and antago-

nistic force. It was Luther's broad, popular sense, and coarse, yet sagacious apprehension of the point of right, that, far more than the scholastic and constructive metaphysics of Melancthon or Calvin, determined the character of the great revolution. It was not a reformation of theology, so much as a protest of the moral sense. The simple sentiment of right and wrong—ultimate and absolute as it must always be, when once roused and genuine—was strong enough to break down the entire conception of revelation, as hitherto received;—i. e. as organized in a religious community, which should be the medium of divine communication to the human race. We know with what pain and struggle this moral victory was achieved; and what deep misgivings afflicted Luther before his end,—not as to the truth of the Papal doctrine, but as to the tendency of his own.* Nothing could afford a stronger illustration of the invincible certainty of moral, as prevailing over speculative conviction. And if we take the word *ethics* in its larger signification, we shall see that the motive power of the Reformers was their profession of a better Christian ideal,—their protest against the corruptions of the Church. Their convenient points of attack were venal indulgences, and scandals among the holy orders. They fell back on the unsophisticated popular instinct of moral truth. As Comte says, it was “the destruction of Christianity on Christian principles,”—that is, of speculative Christianity by practical. The great Christian organism, professing to teach with authority the law of life and duty, was divided against itself. And, the charm of authority once broken, it was perhaps inevitable that, for ultimate endurance and popular effect, the *moral* quality of religious faith should displace and survive every other element of its power.

An analysis of the entire series of Church dogmas would exhibit transformations in them corresponding in the main with the several influences we have now described. For the immediate purpose of our argument, we shall confine ourselves to a single example.

* “Many conclude,” said he, “that my path is on roses; but God knows how far my heart is from any such feeling.” As a symptom of like uneasiness, De Maistre calls attention to Calvin’s habit of constantly harping on the universal spiritual Church.

The doctrine of the future state offers, perhaps, the purest type of the transformation we speak of. The inspiration of its hope has been already alluded to, as the strength of the martyr-age of Christianity. Then came the dominion of its fear. "Men are more cogently governed by what they are forced to imagine, than by what they are allowed to know."* The working force of the mediæval Church rested on the faith of men in the terrors of the world beyond the grave. Its discipline was purely in view of the future recompense ; its grand profession, that, by an appointed ministration, it had actual control of the destiny of the soul in that unseen state. Its elaborate scheme of confession, ritual, and penance all bore on that. Its prodigious accumulation of wealth was (as that of the Romish Church still is) gained by plying aptly and diligently that lever, to move the conscience of dying men. Its worship, doctrine, and terrible judgments of fire were all symbolic of a more august and formidable order of facts, conceived as existing in the spiritual world. Its tremendous announcement of the damnation of aliens, heretics, and unbaptized infants was the dark base on which the corner-stone of its power reposed. And no single portion of its immense edifice but would sink and vanish, like Atlantis in the ocean waves, if that substructure of faith in the horrors of the invisible were undermined.

Now it came about inevitably, as the gentler elements of human character were more developed under the softening influence of civilization, and as more accurate knowledge was gained of the principles and methods of the natural world, that the terror associated with the future state began to retreat more and more into the background, and to fade out from men's thought ; while the element of trust and hope came to be more and more the characteristic of the Christian faith in immortality. Intellectual analysis and the moral sentiment did their work. And accordingly, for the past century at least,—ever since the great deistical movement, which compelled the Christian apologists to fall back on sentiments of natural religion and justice, and to identify the Christian

* Kinglake.

scheme, so far as might be, with the instinctive longings and hopes of men,—the idea of immortality has been in general held up as a purely animating and happy one, entirely aside from any particular apprehensions of its doom. Evidently, the truth of the doctrine must have been taken for granted, without inquiry, by the mass of men for many ages; since, as soon as Christianity was put in the attitude of apology, and had its defence to make before the intellect of the world, it waived the element of horror, and studiously represented the bare fact of immortality as the great and precious privilege, which, but for this religion, men should have had no knowledge of at all. If we wish to understand the spirit of the former type of belief, we must listen to the exhortations of those sects and preachers that hold forth the terrors of the law in congregations where *not scepticism but sin* is the fact they have to deal with. The helpless terror of the Middle Age at the drear prospect of futurity is pathetically shown in the mournful inscription copied by Michelet from a tombstone near Lucerne: “*I am a child two years old; what a terrible thing for such an infant to go to judgment, and appear already before God!*” A painful couplet in Mr. Lowell’s “Legend of Brittany” expresses the same feeling, as shared by a mother in paradise, lamenting her unbaptized infant’s doom:—

“Even here for grief could I lie down and die,
But for my curse of immortality.”

The idea of perfect recompense and illimitable progress is now become the common sense of the subject; and it is only by an effort that we can conceive of a contrary idea as possible. Christendom was ruled, says Gfrörer,* for three centuries, by hope of the future state; then, by terror of the same state; and lastly, by habit. The slowly changing eschatology of the Church has been the underlying conception in its several schemes of doctrine; and the character of this has undergone the several well-marked modifications now detailed.

It remains to speak briefly of the influence of the “positive,” or scientific mode of thought, in the particular province

* Urchristenthum, Vol. I., Preface.

of theology. We do it because it must be evident to any reflecting mind that this, and not speculative dogmatism or "gnosis," must make the real postulate and the certain basis of our theory of the Divine government. We do it with a single purpose; not to speak of the attainments of science, as furnishing matter to be incorporated in our system of belief, but only to hint the working of the intellectual habit which it generates.

First, science continually enlarges to our mental vision the domain of necessity,—i. e. of fixed and immutable fact. The prodigious influence it thus exerts upon the whole tone of our mind is sufficiently apparent. We speak of it as determining the type of the underlying religious thought. For necessity, like every other fundamental idea received and habitual in a religious mind, becomes a religious idea,—though it should take even the terrible form of the Calvinist or Moslem fatalism. Our view of the Divine government necessarily undergoes some change as we come to understand better the courses of nature and the operations of the world around us. Vague awe becomes intelligent trust. What seemed capricious and arbitrary reduces itself to order and system and undeviating rule. We learn to trust the Divine care and watchfulness, not for its partial bounty to us, not for any favoritism we hope to win or merit, but precisely because it is strict, uniform, unchanging, and impartially extended over all. And, practically speaking, we cannot doubt that, when this once becomes the habit of the mind, it is as serene, resolute, and effectual a faith as that exercised by saints in the earlier periods of the Christian history. It is the peculiar province and continual effort of modern thought, to illustrate the laws of the universal Providence, which are but the acts of the universal God: and our own age, with its interpretation of other excellent qualities of the religious life, interprets afresh for us also this especial attribute of Trust.

And next, we find in the scientific habit of mind a limit to sceptical tendencies, and ultimately their correction and cure. Many have, indeed, regarded it in precisely the contrary way; but this, we think, is only a relic of the ancient jealousy, stimulated by the uneasy consciousness that dogmatic theology

is losing ground. Comte has stated it as the true final position of theism, that it "holds in reserve the possibility of arbitrary intervention, which may come at any moment to change in any respect the fundamental order." Excepting this, he thinks the religious view of nature has become wholly merged in the scientific. His statement is evidently so far true as this, that theism accepts as attributes or acts of the living God, what science announces as methods of the universe. The conception of a living Spirit is assumed as the ground of all phenomena. In assuming this, we wait for science to indicate the method of the Divine government; and what it fixes as everlasting verities, we accept as religious facts. But while their relation to the *soul* thus remains unchanged, their relation to the *intellect* is wholly new. There is no room for any possible cavil or doubt as to their reality or their essential character. As soon as we get beyond the blind absurdity of dogmatic atheism,* and begin to recognize the reason and method of the universe, we have already a great stock of religious ideas—at least, all needful preparation for them—given us outright in science. A law is made known to us to which our life is subject, ethically and socially as well as physically. And this is practically *the same as if* there were an almighty Lawgiver, a Ruler, a Parent, a Sovereign. This first step thus gives us, to all intents and purposes, whatever is essentially included in our idea of God, so far as concerns our outward relation and moral responsibility to him. A truer and more vivid conception of the "method of the Divine government," according to our notion of it, is given in a page of natural science, than in a volume of Augustinian theology,—only setting aside the far stronger appeal which this latter makes to the conscience and the personal sentiment of reverence. By thus refuting and rendering utterly impossible any radical and sweeping scepticism, we conceive that science most directly and serviceably ministers to faith.

It is as defining the type of faith, and as rendering impossible any presumption in favor of dogmatic atheism, that the

* "A superficial or malevolent judgment alone can confound with the Positive Philosophy a doctrine so completely negative [as Atheism],—one necessarily more transient than any other."—Comte, *Philosophie Positive*, Vol. VI. p. 846.

"positive" order of thought concerns itself most nearly with our present argument. We need hardly add, that, by giving us a totally new conception of the universe, and familiarizing us with the stand-point of natural law, it opens in a new and most imposing form that question of rationalism, which from the first has more or less perplexed the intellect of the Church. The philosophy of the Christian Fathers, says Tennenmann, rather vaguely, is "a supernaturalism more or less blended with rationalism." The question, then, is no new one; but the way of dealing with it must be new. And, without deciding on these facts of the supernatural order with which it has to deal, we may safely go as far as this: that the Church cannot hold dogmatically its position of supernaturalism, at least in the form in which it was generally presented a few years ago, as an indispensable condition of religious belief; and that any theory of miracles, to abide the test of the present analysis, must see in them, not a contradiction, but a revelation and enlargement of the domain of law, and must leave their reception free to the spontaneous reverence of the religious thinker. Belief in them will necessarily become henceforth not fundamental, but supplementary; and will remain (as in fact we practically find it), not as the stay of doubtful doctrine, but rather as a *protest in favor of the free personality of the Deity*, and as a check on the tendency to merge the paternal character of God in his abstract and universal attributes. Such belief will reside in the religious heart, rather than in the speculative mind: the order of events it clings to we cannot insist on critically, for testimony; only accept, reverentially and gratefully, as fact.

We do not enter now upon the discussion of those further points, whether pertaining to historical criticism or to individual and social ethics, which help define the type of the theology which is to be. Enough has been already said to show its essential diversity from anything in the dominant creeds of the past. There seems for the present no ground of compromise,—only for collision or transition, as the case may be; and it is quite apparent which of the two must yield. The bearing of the conflict we discern in the nature of the "aids" by which a declining faith is propped; in the obscure

and uneasy consciousness, among the "Orthodox" sects, of a weakness in their position; in their falling back more and more on tradition, and on a minute laborious erudition, symptomatic of a decline in confident energy; in their frequent querulous and feeble criticism, and their ineffectual attempts to borrow the trenchant weapons of their opponents; in their vague boast of a superior "philosophy" of the spiritual world, set forth in the formula of Calvinism;* and, above all, in their suspicious and ill-judged denunciations of their own abler men who verge towards heresy. While the keener thinkers among the Romanists, with their practical insight into the essential nature of protest, rank all its degrees together; and declare, at the slightest symptoms of convergence, that orthodoxy and heresy are coming round to be the same thing.

The final answer to the question so uneasily and widely mooted, involves nothing less than the spiritual complexion of the age that is to be. It is the broad question, whether the coming development of human thought and life shall be a religious development,—whether the coming era of civilization shall be a Christian one or not. The issue is stated by Michelet † as lying between Christianity and the "Revolution," or spirit of the age,—the watchwords of the two being "Grace," or privilege, and "Justice," or equality. But, happily, our Protestant nurture has so far modified our conception of Christianity as a universal religion, that it makes the name stand for us substantially as the absolute ideal of human life; and by this transformation in the sense of the term we get a much stronger and clearer apprehension of the real continuity of the world's intellectual and religious life.

In an age of controversy like ours, when all grounds of authority are questioned, and when any chance gathering of men may very likely include every shade of opinion, from reverential mysticism to the extreme of negative speculation, it is not our main business, we fancy, to vindicate this or that

* See McCosh, "Method of Divine Government."

† "What is the *ancien régime*, the king and the priest in the old monarchy? Tyranny, in the name of Grace. What is the Revolution? The reaction of equity, the tardy advent of Eternal Justice." — History of the French Revolution, Introduction, § 9.

as the exclusive source of religious faith. If, in honest dealing with his own mind, one does accept the spiritual facts of religion, he is certainly justified in holding them in the main as facts,—seeking in general rather to enlarge than restrict their range, and vindicating them purely on their own merits, aside from any external authority or speculative basis of support. The earnest religious thinker should surely be welcome, whatever portion of the wide field he chooses to occupy. The best “aids of faith” are, often, those which have least to do with its critical defences. If asked to say where we shall find the clearest, simplest, happiest faith, most decided, paramount, and undoubting, no doubt we might say in one of these three classes: first, in the adherents of the Roman communion, to whom the Church is all in all,—its will law, its word truth, its service implicitly yielded, as of a divinity in visible shape,—to whom, therefore, until they doubt that authority, there is no room for any other doubt; next, among the simple, trustful, humble, of every creed, who are content to take such measure of light as comes of its own accord, who are conscious of no difficulties, ask no questions, and demand no proofs; and, lastly, in those who, aware of the questioning and doubt that can be raised as to every point of intellectual belief, and feeling perhaps over strongly the perplexity of historical or scientific proof, are yet content, deliberately and consciously, to waive all argument, and take for granted what the soul suggests, however incompetent the mind may be to justify. And those besides, who falter and contend for proof, and insist on believing first, not the spiritual fact, but something else, by which it should be made more certain, lack the full energy and the calm reliance of the faith.

It may possibly be a relief to some minds to reflect that the spiritual fact itself, whatever it be, is fixed and unalterable, whatever we may think of it. The worry and vexation in which so many indulge themselves about it is purely gratuitous,—good and essential, possibly, as part of their mental training; but mischievous and foolish, as soon as it takes the mind needlessly out of the sphere of calm trust and duty. It may be our assurance, when we are tempted to overmuch anxiety or discouragement at the prospect of speculative rational-

ism, or materialism, or any other form of thought which, in our view, does injustice to the method of God's living providence, that the fact itself, historic or spiritual, by no means depends on our belief of it. Suppose a good man even doubts the truth of immortality,—as many a good man does,—his error will be corrected precisely at the point of time when the correction becomes available for him. And, meanwhile, there is absolutely nothing for such a man to do excepting to live faithfully by such light as he is able to accept, and to trust the event utterly to the beneficent Power that has ordained the course of human life. Any uneasy apprehension, as if we were personally responsible for the existence of spiritual realities, or for the historical verity of alleged facts, betokens a total confusion of ideas, and an incongruous admixture of the despotic superstitions of the old belief. What we want is honest and loyal thinkers; and for the sublime topics of their thought, God should be abundantly able to guarantee *their* integrity.

The sketch which we have drawn is far too rapid and incomplete to serve as a sufficient answer to the question with which we set out. Yet we trust that one or two results have been attained with sufficient exactness. We think that the character of the age and of the thought represented in early Christianity, and the nature of its transformation since, have been shown to be such that we can by no means take any one period as an authoritative guide to truth. It has been made sufficiently apparent that the prevailing type of religious belief was first determined, and has been essentially changed from time to time, in accordance with strict historical conditions. "Free thought" is seen to be, not a power lawless and foreign, or necessarily hostile to Christian believing, but one of the loyal forces, by which the form of faith is moulded to meet the needs and fit the conditions of each succeeding age. The generic difference (to say the least) between the theology of the past generally, and any system that can enter into the world's belief henceforth, has been distinctly enough shown. The general result which seems to be forced upon many of the most thoughtful and profoundly religious minds of the day, is a complete provisional emancipation of the intellect from the

modes of thinking into which it has hitherto been compelled, — not (as we devoutly believe) that it may work and wander lawlessly, but that, with free and willing service, and in conformity with the far stricter and sounder conditions of modern thought, it may seek and honor, in its own way, the Spirit of universal Truth.

The religious faith of men, happily, does not depend on any particular hypothesis, whether historic or metaphysical. It is a fatal policy, though followed by many sincere and respected men, to studiously exaggerate the uncertainty of men's belief, except on the foundation themselves are wont to recognize. We cannot override or defeat the essential laws of the human intellect. We cannot fall back on the past, if we would. The future alone we can embrace with any heartiness. The sacred sympathies of the religious life, the precious offices of Christian faith and love, are too costly a treasure to commit to the wager of battle among hostile sects and philosophies and creeds. The opinion and the faith can never be quite detached from one another; but the two may, perhaps, be so far independent that they shall stand, not as rafters, leaning each against the other, and ready always to fall, but as self-supporting and stately columns, giving each its strength to uphold the wide temple they adorn alike.

ART. II.—MRS. BROWNING'S ESSAYS ON THE POETS.

Essays on the Greek Christian and the English Poets. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: James Miller. 1863.

THERE lie before us, side by side, as peaceably as though the two authors were not as far removed in aim and conviction as the two poles of the earth, Mrs. Browning's poems, crowned with her "Essays on the Poets," and an English book on "Woman," published twenty-three years ago.

It is well that women should bear in mind what has been, what still is said of them; and we present a few fossil remains of "Woman," interesting because they *are* fossil.

"Much, however, have we heard of learned, great, and illustrious women,—of women's capabilities to reason, philosophize, and legislate. Their learning may be sufficiently illustrated by an anecdote from one of our periodicals. 'Of course,' say they, 'no one can have a higher opinion of the fair sex than ourselves; and nobody can be more unwilling than we to doubt the genuineness of those numerous and various excellences which they exhibit; but we confess, it has often occasioned us to open the eyes of surprise, and lift up the hands of astonishment, to see the familiarity evinced by them with the dead languages, (we say nothing of their aptness at the unknown tongues,) and the facility with which they will turn an ode of Horace or a scene of Menander into English (rather blank) verse. A certain reverend canon, lately deceased, has 'let the cat out of the bag.' In a letter lately published in the Gentleman's Magazine, he thus writes: 'Yours is a just portrait of Miss Seward of Litchfield,—her exact character. I was conducted the other day to her blue region, as André calls it. She was busy translating, or rather transposing, an Ode of Horace, without understanding a word of the original. She had three different translations before her,—Francis's, Smart's, and Bromick's,—out of which she compounds her own.'"

It matters little whether this statement of a "reverend canon" be true or false. Miss Seward is nothing to English literature, or to female literature, saving as a somewhat respectable milestone *from* which to measure progress. Of that barren era Mrs. Browning, in her essay on Modern Poets, says: —

"How sick to faintness grew the poetry of England! Anna Seward 'by'r lady,' was the 'muse' of those days, and Mr. Hayley 'the bard,' and Hannah More wrote our dramas, and Helen Williams our odes, and Rosa Matilda our elegiacs,—and Blacklock, blind from his birth, our descriptive poems, and Mr. Whalley our 'domestic epics,' and Darwin our poetical philosophy, and Lady Millar encouraged literature at Bath, with red taffeta and 'the vase.' But the immortal are threatened vainly. It was the sickness of renewal rather than of death."

Those transition days appear crude enough, seen through nineteenth-century spectacles, and the best that can be said of the women is, that they were not much worse than the men. From among many learned women who are cutting out a pathway, surely but silently, we select the one woman-poet,—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. We do not reverence her for scholarship; we reverence her for a true poet. But since the taunt of "no-learning" among women still proceeds from many mouths, it is proper to refute the falsehood with so noble a proof of the contrary. Surely no "reverend canon" will rise up to declare that Mrs. Browning "transposed" translations. Yet we remember almost as false a charge of superficiality, made by the London "Saturday Review." After reading that monstrous libel we passed into Casa Guidi, into the room made void forever, and saw the old Greek books that she had earnestly mastered, standing mournful and together; we were told by him who had sounded the depths of her learning, how little people knew of the woman who had gone from among men, and were shown the Hebrew Bible that had been in constant use, heavy, priceless with its marginal notes in Greek (*not* "lady's Greek without the accents"),—all the work of Mrs. Browning.

"Difficulties," says Cabanis, "repel women: their impatience bounds over them." We take up the "Essays on the Poets" to compare theory with fact. If there is one merit that transcends every other in this small book of large ideas, it is patience. Nothing but love could have inspired Mrs. Browning to roll off the cerements from those old Greek Christians and breathe a little of her own life into them.

Though her criticisms are concentrated in two comparatively short essays, yet she wears the ivy none the less rightly.

Giotto's perfect circle proved the master, and the fingers of a Michel Angelo take but little time to squeeze the ideal out of a bit of shapeless, senseless clay. Mrs. Browning has but *sketched* her subject, yet we know that, had she not been a great poet, she would have been a great prose-writer and critic, for she has drawn her circle. How much better, how much stronger, these Essays would be, had they received the intended revision of their author, we can almost assert, from knowing how much greater Mrs. Browning was than Miss Barrett.

“Love, my child, love, love !”

said the dying father of “Aurora Leigh,” and it was this wondrous flood-tide that bore the poet so far beyond her former self. Time will expand and strengthen all noble souls, but love is the noonday sun that steeps them in God’s essence. And besides,

“Italy
Is one thing, England one.”

The Essays are of England. The voice of humanity breathing out of that unrivalled prose preface to the “Poems before Congress” is of Italy. Critical power increases in the exact ratio that insight into humanity is deepened. Italy does much for Northern souls. They need a warm, blue sky and a dreamy atmosphere to develop germs that a cold, frosty air keeps latent. The influence of Italy upon English poets has been great, and to Mrs. Browning it seemed almost a necessity, for there was an intensity in her nature not often the product of English soil and customs. Perhaps it is not mere speculation to trace her great heart-passion back to a tropical sun; for though English, her ancestors claimed the West Indies as a home, and so the South may have left its mark upon Anglo-Saxon characteristics. A fortunate union of Northern head with Southern heart often creates genius.

Turning in Mrs. Browning’s poems to the “Wine of Cyprus,” the aroma of which is as delightful as that of the grapes glistening with rich ripeness on the Côte d’Or, we find a sketch in words suggestive of a much larger picture. We see that one room in the country-house in Devonshire, with its pale, suffering poet, — a poet not “through pain,” as Byron was,

but in spite of pain. The solitude begotten of suffering may have made Mrs. Browning more learned than she otherwise would have been, but it did not create the poet. The lives of men and women were necessary to her genius. Still-life and the daisy were not to her what they were to Wordsworth. Therefore we say that pain improved the scholar, but clipped the wings of the poet. It washed away the alloy inseparable almost from human health, and sanctified her by an unequalled mercy and charity; but it robbed her of worldly wisdom. Intuition is much, but experience is more. And this we say, well remembering what Mrs. Browning has written of Shakespeare in the Book of the Poets.

"He was wise in the world, having studied it in his heart; what is called 'the knowledge of the world' being just the knowledge of one heart and certain exterior symbols. What else? What otherwise could he, the young transgressor of Sir Thomas Lucy's fences, new from Stratford and the Avon, close in theatric London, have seen or touched or handled of the Hamlets and Learns and Othellos, that he should draw them? 'How can I take portraits,' said Marmontel, in a similar experience, 'before I have beheld faces?' Voltaire embraced him in reply. Well applauded Voltaire! It was a *mot* for Marmon-tel's utterance, and Voltaire's praise,—for Marmontel, not for Shakespeare. Every being is his own centre to the universe, and in himself must one foot of the compasses be fixed to attain to any measurement: nay, every being is his own mirror to the universe."

Knowledge of one heart is the key to all others; but sitting down with that key in our hands is not likely to unlock other hearts. Those hearts must be sought, and their locks found. Therefore we cannot believe that Shakespeare, marvellous genius as he was, could have conceived at Stratford what he conceived as an actor and a manager of a theatre. "All the world 's a stage," soliloquizes the melancholy Jacques. It is as true that the stage is all the world,—the epitome of every passion, every sentiment, every feeling of which humanity is capable. The theatre is a concentration of the world's good and evil. In no other profession can the social chromatic scale be played without the missing of a note. There is more of tragic, of dramatic, of comic, in a theatre by daylight, than was ever dreamed of by audiences that nightly congregate to

witness fictitious joys and sorrows. No genius can have Shakespeare's versatility that has not had his versatile experience. We believe that Miss Barrett could not have written "Aurora Leigh." We believe the composition of this noble poem required all the worldly knowledge of Mrs. Browning. Its fullest, truest character is the heroine; there Mrs. Browning could not fail: she had only to look into her own heart to find the finest possible specimen of womanhood. Romney follows next in naturalness, for Mrs. Browning could draw upon fact for such nobility. But had Mrs. Browning's personal knowledge of the different spheres on the earth been greater, Marian Earle would have been less wise, though not more womanly and generous; and Lady Waldemar would not have talked "garlic." These are spots on the sun, and we make mention of them solely to testify in favor of our theory: we cannot but think that experience meant more to Mrs. Browning in 1860 than in 1842.

We gladly return to drink of the Wine of Cyprus, that we may catch a glimpse of the country-house,

"When we two sat in the chamber,
And the poets poured us wine";

those two, the wise blind teacher, Hugh Stuart Boyd, and the double-sighted pupil,—for she saw both earth and heaven,—Elizabeth Barrett. From the window of that study we see "the mountain spreading," hear the tinkling of the sheep-bells as they slowly "pass the pane"; we turn from

"hill and lea,
And the summer sun's green revel,"

to listen to that "girlish voice" reading "somewhat slow" the "rhythmic Greek." We approach those golden hours with feelings akin to such as may have been inspired by thought of the sacred mysteries, for those two who sat together and looked into the hearts of "those cup-bearers undying of the wine that's meant for souls," until

"The white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air!
The cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines;
And the rolling anapaestic
Curled like vapor over shrines!"

Devoutly do we approach the “Hades of a heart” filled with the memories of those who were best and greatest before Christ, and we see how the worship of those demigods opened the way to the “noble Christian bishops,”

“Who mouthed grandly the last Greek,”
loved dearly, and especially by that blind teacher,

“Though the sponges on their hyssops
Were distent with wine — too weak,”

and who gradually found a place in the affections of the pupil.

“Your Chrysostom, you praised him,
With his glorious mouth of gold;
And your Basil, you upraised him
To the height of speakers old;
And we both praised Heliodorus
For his secret of pure lies;
Who forged first his linked stories
In the heat of lady’s eyes.

“And we both praised your Synesius,
For the fire shot up his odes;
Though the Church was scarce propitious,
As he whistled dogs and gods.
And we both praised Nazianzen,
For the fervid heart and speech;
Only I eschewed his glancing
At the lyre hung out of reach.

“Do you mind that deed of Até,
Which you bound me to so fast,
Reading ‘De Virginitate,’
From the first line to the last?
How I said at ending, solemn,
As I turned and looked at you,
That St. Simeon on the column
Had had somewhat less to do.”

Thus, from drinking this Cyprus wine, the power is given us to see how the light of the Greek Christians was absorbed by the girl-poet and grew brighter by absorption, and how, in gratitude for those golden hours of golden harvests, the just heart of Elizabeth Barrett resolved that these her teachers should not be “left to perish by the time-gauges as old men, innocent and decrepit, and worthy of no use or honor,” if Eng-

lish wreaths of *immortelles*, timely laid upon their dusty folios, could lead the thoughtful to their neglected shrines.

"And the reader will perceive at once that the writer's heart is not laid beneath the wheels of a cumbrous ecclesiastical antiquity, that its intent is to love what is lovable, to honor what is honorable, and to kiss both through the dust of centuries, but by no means to recognize a hierarchy, whether in the Church or in literature."

Mrs. Browning has made us think more kindly and speak more respectfully of these Greek Christian "poetical souls, that are not souls of poets! Surely not ignoble things!" And first we stop, before the sketch of Apollinarius,— "epoist, dramatist, lyryst, philosopher, and rhetorician,"— so good a sketch that it must be a faithful likeness, and fancy we can see the moving of those firm, self-relying lips that could reply so bravely to the Cæsar, even if with the bravery of intense egotism. We like the heresy that could make hymns human enough for women to sing "softly to the turning of their distaffs." Those thin lips could say gentle things, even though the man Apollinarius saw nothing better in Eve than "the wretched, misled mother of our race," whose desire for knowledge is considered by the "poetical soul" to be simply a matter of appetite, as with a poet's license he accuses her of being "soul-struck by love of — apples"! Having so little faith in woman, we do not wonder that the corners of his mouth grew down, and the thin lips denied the immortality of individuals.

Gregory Nazianzen comes much nearer to our hearts, for though he wrote "thirty thousand verses," yet, "with the instinct of greater poets, he bares his heart in his poetry, and his heart is worth baring." He was persecuted, and loved men. We acknowledge the purity of character displayed in Gregory's poem, "Soul and Body," yet there is the odor of asceticism about it that makes it too little human for us. Where monstery begins, sympathy must end. "Live and let live," is the very Christian doctrine of our hearts; therefore, if monks and bishops choose to take upon themselves the weight of celibacy, and, for the glory of the Church, dignify it as *cæli beatitudo*, we can only wish them joy, asking for like toleration. We think it somewhat intolerant and pre-

sumptuous in Gregory, the sad-hearted celibate, to pronounce that “sweet sickness,” matrimony, a “joy unsound”! and to make a point of declaring that “the best children are none.” We make this reply to his question of “What answer?” And he, earnest soul, knew not how unlovely he was making his faith when he branded the delights of pictured and sculptured art,

“And splendor
Of bas-relief, with tracery tender,
And varied and contrasted lines,
Gauds for which the wise will flout thee!”

But Gregory believed this, living as he did in the age of extremes, when “tracery tender” went hand in hand with heathen voluptuousness. It is easy to forgive Gregory this *flouting*. He upheld the Church Militant, and asked of others no more than he required of himself.

It is to Synesius of Cyrene that we give all of our hearts that can be given to a Greek “poetical soul.” But he was more; he was a man after Nature’s own true making, and therefore we know why he was “the chief, for true and natural gifts, of all our Greek Christian poets,” and why “it was his choice to pray lyrically between the dew and the cloud, rather than preach dogmatically between the doxies.” We love this Synesius, who resolutely resisted the beckonings of the Bishop’s mitre, preferring, like a man, to “think out his own thoughts” until the Church, to the glory of honesty and truth, put the mitre into his hands “on his own terms” of wife and boys, and his brave doubtings on the resurrection of the body. We have ever been fond of the “Squire bishops,” of him who, having “married, loved, and lost,” having tasted all there is of joy and sorrow, could give to the world the full measure of large-hearted sympathy. And we love Synesius, because he loved his teacher Hypatia, “the perfect, the wise,” the heathen, great in her courage as in her beauty, the glorious setting sun of the philosophers, far more divine in her Platonism than those wolves of monks who left the stain of murder upon the Church, and with it blotted Christianity out of Egypt. Cyril the murderer of Hypatia, Synesius her friend and pupil, is the verdict of the ages; and who is there now who will be-

lieve in a Christianity of Cyril's making? It was Synesius, not Cyril, who was the poet, and wrote this pure ode:—

“ O my deathless, O my blessed,
Maid-born, glorious Son confessed,
O my Christ of Solyma !
I who earliest learnt to play
This measure for thee, fain would bring
Its new sweet tune to eithern-string,—
Be propitious, O my King !
Take this music which is mine
Anthemed from the songs divine !

“ We will sing the deathless One,
God himself and God's great Son,
Of sire of endless generations,
Son of manifold creations !
Nature mutually endued,
Wisdom in infinitude !
God, before the angels burning,—
Corpse, among the mortals mourning !
What time Thou wast pourèd mild
From an earthly vase defiled,
Magi with fair arts besprent,
At thy new star's orient,
Trembled inly, wondered wild,
Questioned with their thoughts abroad,—
‘ What, then, is the new-born child ?
Who the hidden God ?
God, or corpse, or king ?
Bring your gifts, O hither bring
Myrrh for rite, — for tribute, gold, —
Frankincense for sacrifice.
God ! thine incense take and hold !
King ! I bring thee gold of price !
Myrrh with tomb will harmonize ! ’

“ For Thou, entombed, hast purified
Earthly ground and rolling tide,
And the path of demon nations,
And the free air's fluctuations,
And the depth below the deep !
Thou, God, helper of the dead,
Low as Hades didst thou tread !
Thou, King, gracious aspect keep,
Take this music which is mine,
Anthemed from the songs divine.”

In Paul Silentarius, and his descriptive poem on the Byzantine Church of St. Sophia, in which the poet "dwelt less on the divine dedication and the spiritual uses of the place, than on the glory of the dedicatory and the beauty of the structure," we see too much of the world's cloven foot to give him the smallest place in our thoughts, though Mrs. Browning is ever generous, and says, "It is right for us to admit the miracle of a poem made out of stones." But it is John Damascenus that draws us to him through the pathos of his religious sentiment.

"From my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue which speaks not fair,
From my soul stained everywhere,
O my Jesus, take my prayer.

"Spurn me not for all it says,
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would !
Or teach me, which I rather seek,
What to do and what to speak.

"I have sinnèd more than she,
Who, learning where to meet with thee,
And bringing myrrh, the highest-priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee,
Thy blessed feet accordingly,
My God, my Lord, my Christ !
As thou saidest not, 'Depart,'
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentlest one of all words said !
But give thy feet to me instead,
That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With over-dropping tears as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee !
Wash me with my tears : draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me.
Thou remit my sins who knowest
All the sinning to the lowest,—
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes thyself decreest ;
Yea, but knowest all my faith,
Seest all my force to death,

Hearest all my wailings low,
 That mine evil should be so !
 Nothing hidden but appears
 In thy knowledge, O Divine,
 O Creator, Saviour mine !
 Not a drop of falling tears,
 Not a breath of inward moan,
 Not a heart-beat, — which is gone ! ”

Once more our hearts prompt us to pause at these “ striking verses upon the Blessed among Women, weeping,” by John of Euchaita, — a “ voice with a soul in it, clear and sweet and living.”

“ O Lady of the passion, dost thou weep ?
 What help can we, then, through our tears survey,
 If such as thou a cause for wailing keep ?
 What help, what hope, for us, sweet Lady, say ?
 ‘ Good man, it doth befit thine heart to lay
 More courage next it, having seen me so.
 All other hearts find other balm to-day, —
The whole world's consolation is my woe ! ”

And now, gladly grateful that it is to Mrs. Browning we owe a deeper insight into, and interest in, the Greek Christian poets, we bid them farewell, for they have led us to the sixteenth century, and

“ Shakespeare is in the world ! And the Genius of English poetry, she who only of all the earth is worthy, (Goethe's spirit may hear us say so and smile,) stooping, with a royal gesture, to kiss the dead lips of the Genius of Greece, stands up her successor in the universe, by virtue of that chrism, and in right of her own crown.”

It is often said, and it has not been unfrequently written, that Mrs. Browning's erudition is too apparent in her poetry, and for this Mrs. Browning has been severely criticised, on the amiable and Christian assumption that, in thus giving proof of her learning, she has been actuated by a desire for display. A more cruel as well as false supposition cannot be conceived. No one could possess more simplicity and unaffectedness of character than did Mrs. Browning, *and be human*. It is the crowning glory of her genius that she received her poet-passion with the humility of one who believed it to be a sacred gift intrusted to her keeping by a Higher Power, for the ad-

vancement of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. As she has grandly written

“ How true it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 't is God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament ; we taste and pass,
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such ! ”

If Mrs. Browning has put more erudition into certain of her poems than suits the comprehension of the general reader, it is because learning was not learning to her. It had been her daily food for years, and if it became so much a part of herself as to find its way into the poems of her head, what wonder? Had her life been more active, the thoughts begotten of old folios would have been more frequently tempered by those drawn from the common scenery of to-day. But notwithstanding this hypercriticism, there is no contemporary poet who is more deeply imbued with the spirit of this century and has more truly bared its soul to the world. Mrs. Browning had no love of erudition *per se*. Having known her personally, we can say that we never heard a quotation pass her lips; that the questions of others alone made her scholarship apparent; from herself, of herself, we should never have known that she was master of any language but her own.

We gladly turn to the Book of the Poets, truly named, though the essay merely claims to be a “ glancing series of notes upon the English Poets,” for, indeed, we know of no one single essay of a similar nature, however ambitious in its pretensions, that is so full of thought and suggestion, so comprehensive, so just and magnanimous, so earnest in the desire to raise every neglected poet to the niche that bears his name in the great Art Pantheon. The only regret of every student must be that these notes were not brought down to a later date. We know that Mrs. Browning had nobler duties. We know that she was called to watch by the fires of Liberty. Yet we know also that she loved Shelley and Keats, and could she in these last years have turned for a moment to tell us of *her* Shelley and *her* Keats, we should be thankful.

Upon opening that now unknown compilation of extracts, Mrs. Browning marks at once the absence of poets, missing sundry by the way.

"Of Lydgate there is scarcely a page ; of Occleve, Hawes, and Skelton,—the two last especially interesting in poetical history,—of Sackville, and the whole generation of dramatists, not a word. 'The table is not full,' and the ringing on it of Phillips's 'Splendid Shilling' will not bribe us to endurance."

Of Skelton Mrs. Browning has written strongly, so strongly that we copy her word-painting as an example of terse power.

"The man is very strong ; he triumphs, foams, is rabid, in the sense of strength,—it is as easy to despise a wild beast in the forest as John Skelton, poet-laureate. He is as like a wild beast as a poet-laureate can be. In his wonderful dominion over language, he tears it as with teeth and paws, ravenously, savagely : devastating rather than creating, dominant rather for liberty than for dignity. It is the very *sans culottism* of eloquence ; the oratory of a Silenus drunk with anger only. Mark him as the satyr of poets ! fear him as the Juvenal of satyrs ! and watch him with his rugged, rapid, picturesque savageness, his 'breathless rhymes,' to use the fit phrase of the satirist Hall,—or

‘His rhymes all ragged,
Tattered, and jagged,’

to use his own,—climbing the high trees in Delphi, and pelting from thence his victim underneath, whether priest or cardinal, with rough-rinded apples ! And then ask, could he write otherwise than so ? The answer is this opening to his poem of the 'Bouge of Court,' and the impression inevitable of the serious sense of beauty and harmony to which it gives evidence :—

‘In autumn when the sun in *Virgine*
By radiant heat enripened hath our corne,
When Luna, full of mutabilitie,
As emp̄ress, the diadem hath worne
Of our pole Arctic, smiling as in scorn
At our folie and our unstedfastnesse.’

But our last words of Skelton must be, that we do not doubt his influence for good upon our language. He was a writer singularly fitted for beating out the knots of the cordage, and straining the lengths to extension ; a rough worker at rough work. Strong, rough Skelton !”

And because of his strength he is denied admission among “severe selections” ! Gladiators must yield the ring to the Pomfrets, with their rhymes of “endure,” “furniture.”

Chaucer and Spenser are the friends of all men; beloved by many in the heart, praised by some with the lips, because their honors have grown gray with the weight of centuries, and envy and jealousy only wrestle with those poets whose hairs age has not turned. It is no new thing to read the praises of these poet pioneers, and yet their memories are made brighter to us by the graceful touches laid on by Mrs. Browning in such fine colors. True enthusiasm on any subject, be it never so homely or familiar, is as invigorating to the soul as pure fresh air to stifled lungs. And we who are not given to the "idol-worship of rhyme," take infinite pleasure in the flower that we now gather and press.

"Not one of the 'Queen Anne's men,' measuring out tuneful breath upon their fingers, like ribbons for top-knots, did know the art of versification as the old rude Chaucer knew it. Call him rude for the picturesqueness of the epithet; but his verse has at least as much regularity in the sense of true art, and more manifestly in proportion to our increasing acquaintance with his dialect and pronunciation, as can be discovered or dreamed in the French school. Critics, indeed, have set up a system, based upon the crushed atoms of first principles, maintaining that poor Chaucer wrote by accent only! Grant to them that he counted no verses on his fingers; grant that he never disciplined his highest thoughts to walk up and down in a paddock,—ten paces and a turn; grant that his singing is not after the likeness of their sing-song: but there end your admissions. It is our ineffaceable impression, in fact, that the whole theory of accent and quantity held in relation to ancient and modern poetry stands upon a fallacy,—totters rather than stands; and that, when considered in connection with such old moderns as our Chaucer, the fallaciousness is especially apparent. Chaucer wrote by quantity, just as Homer did before him, just as Goethe did after him, just as all poets must. Rules differ, principles are identical. All rhythm presupposes quantity. Organ-pipe or harp, the musician plays by time. Greek or English, Chaucer or Pope, the poet sings by time. What is this accent but a stroke, an emphasis, with a successive pause to make complete the time? And what is the difference between this accent and quantity, but the difference between a harp-note and an organ-note? Otherwise, quantity expressed in different ways? It is as easy for matter to subsist out of space, as music out of time."

There are those who still swear in the name of "Queen
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Anne's men," and shake their heads sadly at these present degenerate times. They have Goldsmith for authority; their Augustan Age is his; the period of Alexandrines is the "true standard for future imitation."

"Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject," says Goldsmith, "I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius; and, as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they pleased with strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, *though no writer attracts our attention singly*, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity."

The Milky-Way is beautiful, yet we prefer the evening star, and that glorious host of constellations splendidly brilliant in their individuality. Those "Queen Anne's men" are wonderfully skilful gardeners, whose lawns are soft as velvet and green as the deepest emerald, whose hedges are clipped with marvellous precision, and whose plats are laid out in figures mathematically correct. Garden and lawn are perfect, yet in the dust we see the trailing of the "wounded snake," and in our best moods we ask for the mountain and forest, and even those wild beasts of Skelton's. We say this with all due respect for Pope and Dryden, the distinguishable centre of that Milky-Way, but with very little respect for their "vehicle," the everlasting couplet.

"Among the elder poets, the rhyme was only a felicitous adjunct, a musical accompaniment, the tinkling of a cymbal through the choral harmonies. You heard it across the changes of the pause, as an undertone of the chant, marking the time with an audible indistinctness, and catching occasionally and reflecting the full light of the emphasis of the sense in mutual elucidation."

It is when returning to the Elizabethan days, that Mrs. Browning writes *con amore*. "Shakespeare is in the world." Her genius expands in the magnetic warmth of his presence, and like a true interpreter claims that he was a great artist, despite the verdict of the majority.

"Nature cannot be reasoned apart into antagonistic principles. Nature is God's art,—the accomplishment of a spiritual significance hidden in a sensible symbol. . . . Art lives by Nature, and not the bare mimetic life generally attributed to Art: she does not imitate, she expounds. *Interpres naturæ* is the poet artist; and the poet wisest in nature is the most artistic poet; and thus our Shakespeare passed to the presidency unquestioned, as the greatest artist in the world."

And then Milton! how joyful is Mrs. Browning that she is able to link his name with Shakespeare's, though the thread is scarcely visible to common eyes!

"It is pleasant to think that he was actually born before Shakespeare's death; that they two looked upwardly to the same daylight and stars; and that he might have stretched his baby arms (*animosus infans*) to the faint hazel eyes of the poet of poets. Let us think in any wise that he drew in some living, subtle Shakespearian benediction, providing for greatness."

We touch the grain of censure, that grows more and more sensible as the scales on men's eyes drop off, and they see a vision of heaven and of hell, not imagined, or at least not written of, by Dante or by Milton.

"If we hazard a remark which is not admiration, it shall be this,—that, with all his heights and breadths, with all his rapt devotions and exaltations towards the highest of all, we do miss something (we, at least, who are writing, miss something) of what may be called, but rather metaphysically than theologically, *spirituality*. His spiritual personages are vast enough, but not rarefied enough. They are humanities, enlarged, uplifted, transfigured,—but no more. *In the most spiritual of his spirits there is a conscious, obvious, even ponderous materialism.* And hence comes the celestial gunpowder, and hence the clashing with swords, and hence the more continuous evil which we feel better than we describe, the thick atmosphere clouding the heights of the subject. . . . If anybody should retort, that, complaining so, we complain of Milton's humanity, we shake our heads. For Shakespeare also was a *man*; and our creed is, that the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' displays more of the fairyhood of fairies than the 'Paradise Lost' does of the angelhood of angels."

We but obey our instincts in dwelling upon this Elizabethan age, with its grand Miltonic border, looking back upon its mountain heights, as we have done from the lowlands where

stand the "Queen Anne's men" in all their "glorified correctness" and their devotion to "cherry-stones." But there are "five eras of English poetry." Though Mrs. Browning tarries before the monuments of the great, and wanders in many a chosen by-way, she wavers not on the march; pausing to dig at "fossil remains," despite the belief that "nobody will thank her"; turning "for refreshment to Goldsmith,—that amiable genius, upon whose diadem we feel our hands laid ever and anon in familiar love"; advancing to the new era that "was alive in Cowper," upon whose grave her rhythmic tears have fallen; and where "Burns walked in glory on the Scottish mountain's side." In Wordsworth she recognizes the "poet-hero of a movement essential to the better being of poetry, the poet-prophet of utterances greater than those who first listened could comprehend, and of influences most vital and expansive." He found Nature among the Lakes, that the Tennysons and the Brownings might find Nature universal.

"Let a poet never write the words 'tree,' 'hill,' 'river,' and he may still be true to Nature. Most untrue, on the other hand, most narrow, is the poetical sectarianism, and essentially most unpoetical, which stands among the woods and fields announcing with didactic phlegm, 'Here only is Nature.' Nature is where God is. Poetry is where God is. Can you go up, or down, or around, and not find Him?"

It is because the Tennysons and the Brownings have written firm in the faith of God's and Nature's omnipresence, that they have left Wordsworth far behind.

It is pleasant to read Elizabeth Barrett's passing eulogy of Robert Browning, little dreaming, as she did at the time, how deep a meaning that name would have to her. This reference recalls to our memory a day at Casa Guidi, when we carried to the Brownings a letter of Edgar Poe's addressed to a friend, in which Poe had copied for his reading the warm praise that "the world's greatest poetess, Elizabeth Barrett," had awarded to him. "Did Poe write this of me?" exclaimed Mrs. Browning, looking up with glistening but unbelieving eyes; "he was kind." The tone of voice said further, "But I cannot believe, however friends may applaud." And then she bent her head to read her own words in Poe's nervous, clearly-cut handwriting.

"This vivid writing! this power which is felt! 'The Raven' has produced a sensation — a 'fit horror' — here in England. . . . I hear of persons absolutely *haunted* by the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine, who has the misfortune of possessing a 'bust of Pallas,' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. *Our great poet, Mr. Browning*, the author of 'Paracelsus,' 'The Pomegranates,' etc., is enthusiastic in his admiration of the rhythm."

"I am so glad I wrote *that*," said Mrs. Browning, with a beautiful smile; and Mr. Browning, having read, also expressed his gratitude for praise *from such a source*, — praise undeserved, he said, in words of true chivalric ring. It was a noble sight to us, this mutual homage, and we rejoiced that the curious accident of a letter should have made us witness to it. The bread cast upon the water had returned after the vicissitudes of fourteen years. And now we continue and conclude the quotation from this letter, for the sake of unhappy, gifted Edgar Poe.

"Then there is a tale of his which I do not find in this volume, but which is going the rounds of the newspapers, about Mesmerism [The Valdemar Case], throwing us all into 'most admired disorder,' or dreadful doubts as to 'whether it can be true.' . . . The *certain* thing in the tale in question is the *power* of the writer, and the faculty he has of making horrible improbabilities seem near and familiar."

We can readily imagine the intense pleasure and gratification which prompted Poe, so often maliciously criticised, to share these kind words with his friends.

We have turned the last page of these Essays on the Poets, yet grieve to close the book. With it we feel as though we clasped the very spirit of all beauty since the beginning of the Christian era. From those exquisite translations of the Fathers — the Greek soul embodied into English, word for word and thought for thought, the long, patient work of meditation, ay, and of prayer, — they *are* prayers — we learn the grand lesson of humility and self-sacrifice born of a religion of the heart. The Book of the Poets is to us an ideal rainbow, a blending in the heavens of the poets according to their true colors, a sign of promise for the *future* of poetry, no less than a reflection of its glory in the past.

In summing up in Wordsworth what the poet should be as a man, Mrs. Browning says:—

"It is well to count the cost of this life of a master in poetry, and learn from it what a true poet's crown is worth ; to recall both the long life's work for its sake,—the work of observation, of meditation, of reaching past models into nature, of reaching past nature unto God ; and the early life's loss for its sake,—the loss of the popular cheer, of the critical assent, and of the 'money in the purse.'"

A real poet is a prophet. Was there ever prophet who did not suffer martyrdom ? Many may not remember Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem, "A Musical Instrument," in which the "great God Pan" is represented cutting the reeds as he sits by the river,

" Making a poet out of a man."

" He cut it short did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river !)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sat by the river.

" 'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river,)
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

" Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

"No," said one of the cleverest of Englishmen in reply to this poem, "I deny that the man must be sacrificed to make the poet." He was not a poet. But Mrs. Browning answers:—

" When Milton said that a poet's life should be a poem, he spoke a high moral truth ; if he had added a reversion of the saying,—that a poet's poetry should be his life,—he would have spoken a critical truth, not low."

To do this is no abnegation needed? Does not the poetic faculty bring with it a sensibility which, because of the evil in the world, more frequently leads to exquisite pain than to exquisite pleasure? Patience is genius, and what does this patience mean but the consecration of time to solitary study, while the echo of music and dancing, and the laugh of the multitude, sound seductively to the ear? He who lives for the good of the future must renounce many joys of the present. To be a true poet, the man must stand on a pinnacle far above the level of humanity; and is it no sacrifice to stand alone, when the sympathies are so wide and various?

“The moral of every great deed is
The virtue of slandering the doers.”

The very absence of “money in the purse” is an unending trial. Yet the martyrdom is for Truth’s sake. It is sweet and glorious. The pipe no longer sighed to be a reed in the river, when its piercing sweet music transfixed the sun on the hill, revived the lilies, and lured back the dragon-fly.

But with woman, is it not better that she should remain a reed in the river?

“No perfect artist is developed here
From an imperfect woman.”

So Mrs. Browning has written, who was the almost perfect artist, because she was a perfect woman. Aspirations are as vital to women as to men: it is the absolute necessity for their expression, that the world must acknowledge whether the applause be great or not at all.

“But what if none? It cannot yet undo
The love I bear unto this holy skill;
This is the thing that I was born to do,
This is my scene, this part must I fulfil.”

So sang old Daniel in the “*Musophilus*. ” So bravely, beautifully terminates Mrs. Browning’s Book of the Poets.

ART. III.—ROME, REPUBLICAN AND IMPERIAL.

1. *Römische Geschichte.* Von THEODOR MOMMSEN. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1856. 4 vols.
2. *The History of Rome.* By THEODOR MOMMSEN. Translated with the Author's Sanction and Additions, by the REV. WILLIAM P. DICKSON, Classical Examiner in the University of St. Andrews. With a Preface by DR. LEONHARD SCHMITZ. London: Richard Bentley, Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. 1862. 2 vols.
3. *History of the Romans under the Empire.* By CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852—1862. 7 vols.

THE origin and the growth of Rome, the obscure years of its infancy, and the vigorous period of its supremacy, present to us more difficult problems, instruct us by more vivid examples, than the dreary calm or the bloody tumult of its decline and fall. Yet the first half of the Roman history still remains to be written,—the philosophy of the whole still remains to be explored. The cycle of Roman history, indeed, fullest of the wisdom and the sadness of earth, grand, single, complete, absorbing the civilization of the world it compassed, is at once the best known and the least understood. We find in it a lesson, or we construct of it a drama. It is an arsenal of facts, a reservoir of principles. Yet in regarding it as a whole we are too apt to forget, in the first place, that the Roman civilization was not an isolated phenomenon, a phase of national development, but the sum of all the forces of the ancient world,—a great sea of history into which flowed all the currents of human progress, Aramaean, Egyptian, Greek; and in the second place, that its course was run upon a plane lower than that upon which the race now stands. History is a moral problem,—a struggle between necessity and freedom, not a mechanical evolution, a determined course. Hence, though we may find resemblances, we nowhere find parallels. With some races, and for many ages, there is nothing altered, nothing gained. With other nations, on the contrary, as in

Greece in the fifth century before Christ, there is a progress, rapid, vigorous, brilliant, changing the face of the earth. Thus the complaint of Hegel, that the chief thing history seemed to teach him was, that men never learned anything from it, is as unphilosophical as it is unjust. History never repeats itself. Circumstances may be similar, but the spirit and the task are different. With an advancing people the conscience of every age is more enlightened, its vision clearer. Battles may be fought in the old places, but the victories have a new meaning. It is not by tracing the effect of physical causes upon a nation, or by analyzing its legislation, that you get a formula for another race subject to similar conditions, following a similar course. There is no formula for national, any more than for individual development. Both are struggles,—conflicts of the will and the law. In the ancient world, after a certain period of growth, there was a uniformity of type, a fixedness of relations, a repetition of ideas. In the modern world, on the contrary, we find a quickening of the mind, a restless spirit, a progressive character, which knows no limit and recognizes no control. Between these two periods there is a great gulf of time and consciousness and purpose. To understand the one, is no slight preparation for accomplishing the task of the other.

The great work of Mommsen embraces and exhausts the seven centuries which extend from the founding of the city to the establishment of the Empire. The translation of it which has recently appeared in England comprises only the first volume,—to the battle of Pydna. The second volume continues the history to the death of Sulla; the third, to the battle of Thapsus (46 B. C.). A profound scholar, a vigorous thinker and writer, Mommsen is well fitted to accomplish the task, which Niebuhr began, of revolutionizing the history of Rome.

The period originally selected by Mr. Merivale was that which intervenes—crowded with great events and remarkable men—between the fall of the Republic and the ascendancy of Christianity in the accession of Constantine; but overcome with the labor, or weary of the length of his task, he has broken off abruptly with the death of Aurelius, where his service was most needed to correct the prejudices or to

soften the asperity of Gibbon. A scholarly, careful work, we must ever regret that the author has chosen to leave it a fragment. With less prolixity of style and greater condensation of thought, the whole period might have been brought within the compass of the present volumes, to stand for us as the master work, the unfading picture,—the authentic scroll upon which is written, luminous to all the earth, how a great nation, ancient, arrogant, supreme, could not change its religion without losing its civilization. Yet among the historians of the day Mr. Merivale deserves, and will receive, a foremost place. There are few who equal him in vivid conception of character, none who surpass him in solidity of learning. In failing to combine the simplicity of narrative with the charm of philosophic contemplation, he does but illustrate again the tendency of the age to material description, to dramatic effect. As a collection of disquisitions sometimes profound, as a gallery of portraits often lifelike, his work is a contribution to our literature not to be overrated for the study of the age of which it treats. That it lacks the vigor, the spirit, the fire, of the great thinker and the original mind, it is not for us to complain of or lament. The guiding thought of it, indeed,—to detect the origin and to trace the development of that moral and social unity, the presentiment of which is so striking a phenomenon in the downfall of the Republic,—is worthy the loftiest genius and the vastest labor; connecting itself, as it does, with the rapid preparation of the world for that new idea and that fresher element of life, for that purer worship and that humaner ideal, which it was the office of Christianity to announce and diffuse.

Taken together, the works of Mommsen and Merivale furnish us with a better view of the development and the splendor of the Republic, and of the earlier period of the Empire, than we can obtain from any other source. Some remarks, then, upon the character of the Roman state will not be out of place, perhaps, at this moment, while here over the seas we fight for a freer state and a grander empire than Cassius dreamed of or Cæsar won.

The original structure of the community of Rome was based upon the household. The state was but the reflection, if not

the expression, of the family. The citizen was the head of a household, with supreme power over its members; the king was nothing more. Woman belonged to the household, not to the community. The son could possess no property and exercise no will independent of his father. It was easier to emancipate a slave than a son. The extinction of the household was therefore an evil which was remedied by the practice of adoption. Like the father of a family, the king, who was but the leader of free and equal husbandmen, represented in his person the unity of the state, and ruled for life. He represented also the religious unity of the people, and was clothed like the Supreme God.

But the king was only to execute the law, not make it. To the Roman mind there was no confusion between the offices of priest and ruler,—no charm or sanctity of divinity in the function of king, no mystical influences to redeem his errors or to shroud his vices. Any able-bodied Roman of sufficient discretion was fit to wield a power which he could neither pervert nor transmit. No nation, indeed, ever conceived more vividly, or realized more thoroughly, the idea of a community, than the Roman in the time of the kings. Within the citizen-class the equality of rights was complete; but between the citizen and non-citizen was a sharp line of distinction, drawn with unerring instinct, maintained with relentless severity,—a distinction to which much of the original strength and the permanent character of the Roman government is to be ascribed. All foreign elements, so deleterious at the period of a nation's growth, were thus excluded,—a feeling of unity developed,—a passionate love of native institutions grounded deep in the Roman heart. It was the citizen alone who had the right, as to him alone belonged the duty, of bearing arms. Thus a free soldiery, receiving no recompense but the gratitude of the community it defended, was created, not separate from the people from which it sprang, but a part of it, imbued with its spirit, obedient to its impulse, equal in the eye of the law which it assisted in making. And it was in the citizen body, not in the kingly office, that the idea of sovereignty, however dormant, will ever be found to have resided. Thus a law (*lex*, from $\lambda\acute{e}γειν$) was primarily not a

command addressed by the sovereign to the community, but a contract proposed by the former to the latter.

But a constitution like this, however vigorous its growth, however strong its hold upon the people it bound together, could not escape the effects of natural causes. As the privileged class, thinned by war, decreased, the non-privileged class multiplied. That many-headed evil, the Roman plebs, the disturbing element of the Roman state, which with all its sagacity failed to solve at last the problem it was ever presenting, sprang into life, clamorous for recognition, jealous of privilege, dangerous to provoke, ignorant, capricious, restless. By a wise reform in the constitution known as that of Servius Tullius, the right of service and the duty of contribution were extended to the possessors of land, whether citizens or not,—a change which led to many innovations;—to the census, which became at the same time the levy-roll, and to a new organization of the army, in which plebeians becoming soldiers might aspire to become officers. That this change was due to Hellenic influence there can be little doubt, when we remember that it was at this period, in the second century of the city, that in the Greek states of Lower Italy, as in Greece itself, the preponderance of power passed into the hands of the landholders.

In the larger sense of the term, the Roman community dated its beginning from the consulship. The revolution which gave birth to the Republic traced the outlines of its organization, and gave the first signs of the existence of an aristocracy based upon the present consideration in which families were held,—the germ of the future nobility. The abolition of the monarchy was but the abolition of the life tenure of the president of the community.

The principle that those who held the land were to defend it, thus early adopted, was fruitful of the happiest results. The freedom, the vigor, and the greatness of Rome are for a long period to be traced to this intimate connection between the military and civil power,—this lively sympathy of the one with the other,—this ever fresh sense of the mutual dependence of both. With the legions that went forth from Rome were neither paupers nor artisans. Every soldier had left

behind him his share in the land of the community to assure the fidelity it stimulated. An attempt to use the army for political purposes was for centuries an unheard of event. At not too long intervals the soldier returned to partake in the deliberations of the *comitia*,—to help preserve the balance between the military and civil forces of the government. And this steady mingling of the political element in the army with the military element in the *comitia* tended to the improvement of both. What the deep religious sense which is found underlying the constitution of our early settlements was to them, the military spirit of the legions was to the Romans. The private soldier could advance by promotion to no higher post than that of centurion. The superior officers were elected by the people. The legions which wrestled with Pyrrhus, and wore out the resources of Hannibal, were led by commanders chosen by popular vote,—a condition of things which may partly explain the frequent and disastrous defeats they incurred.

That the system did not, indeed, prove wholly ruinous, was owing to the fact, not sufficiently appreciated perhaps, that the spirit of the *comitia* was essentially military. From this combination of military and political experience, the leaders of the army became the civil rulers of the people. Both owed their position to the choice of the *comitia*. But it is obvious that, under such a system, neither great generals nor great magistrates would have been possible, if the discipline and proud traditions of the army had not reacted upon the *comitia*. The aristocracy of an army is founded upon merit. The Roman idea of nobility is to be traced, to a certain extent, to the military character of the *comitia*. But from the tyranny resulting from universal suffrage — the early and the lasting scourge of Greece — Rome was saved, not by the tribunate of the plebs, — a wretched compromise, as Mommsen maintains, between the wealthy aristocracy and the leaderless multitude, — but in part by the exclusion from the public assemblies of those who had no share in the ownership of the land, and in part by the constant presence of an opposition party in the state. The agrarian law of Spurius Cassius, designed to wrest the control of the public lands from the Senate, was

defeated, indeed, and its author doomed to die ; but his law was not buried with him. It haunted the streets of Rome, which it filled with tumults, till in the end it overthrew the Commonwealth. The efforts, however, to substitute for the powers of the Tribune a limitation by written law of those of the Consuls, which led to the despatch of a commission to Greece to report upon the laws of Solon and the promulgation of the first and only legal code of the Romans,—the laws of the Twelve Tables,—resulted, through the arrogance and tyranny of the Decemvirs, in a failure, the effects of which are discernible in all the subsequent history of Rome. No attempt to abolish the tribunate was ever afterwards made. But the laws of Licinius and Sextius, which made one of the Consuls a plebeian, was the severest blow to the aristocracy. They deprived the nobles of exclusive possession of curule magistracies, of hereditary distinctions, and of priestly dignities ; and the nobility ceased, both in fact and in law, to be one of the political institutions of Rome, though the patrician spirit, which under the kings had not been exclusive, survived and increased under the Republic. By closing its ranks, the aristocracy lost its power. The extension of the Roman boundaries, however, by opening to the free *proletarii* fresher fields to cultivate, relieved in time the distress which the laws of Licinius and Sextius, directed against the system of farming on a large scale and with slaves, had failed to mitigate.

In theory the constitution of Rome was democratic. The humblest citizen might attain the highest office, but it was a rare exception when he did. Yet, notwithstanding the enlargement of the powers of the popular assemblies, their practical influence had begun to wane three centuries at least before our era. The government became in spirit aristocratic. The Tribunes, instead of being its enemies, became its tools. By degrees the whole control of it fell into the hands of the Senate ; war and peace, agriculture and finance, the founding of colonies, the assigning of lands,—in all things it usurped the decision of measures it was meant only to discuss, and extinguished that free action of the people it was meant to assure. Yet it was a commanding, an august assembly, concentrating the political intelligence of the nation it embraced,

wielding with marvellous skill the power it monopolized. A seat in it was open to the lowest citizen ; it afforded scope for the vastest ambition. All the virtues and all the defects of the Roman character are mirrored in the Roman Senate. Sagacious, earnest, indomitable, it managed the foreign relations of Rome with a calm confidence in success which is the explanation of half its greatness ; but the temptation to individual aggrandizement, the taint of personal corruption which early perverted its influence, in the end destroyed its power. No spectacle is more splendid than the Roman Senate at the height of its glory ; no ruin juster than that which overtook the Roman oligarchy in the depths of its abasement. There is, perhaps, no more frightful scene in history than that exhibited by the Italy of Cicero,—worse than the Hellas of Polybius, or the Carthage of Hannibal, or the Red Terror of Robespierre,—when the capital which had developed commerce had destroyed the middle class, and the free life of the Republic had died away into a glittering petrifaction.

But however instructive may be the study of the Roman state, it is in the march of the Roman legion that we recognize the mission of Rome. The period which intervened between the institution of the Republic and the subjugation of Italy was one of the most important in its history. It organized the Commonwealth, and laid the foundation of the common law ; it originated the *pilum* and the *maniple*, the farming of estates and the monetary system ; and it witnessed the construction of the first great military road and the first great aqueduct. It was then, toward the close of the fifth century of the city, that Rome, already become the ruling power in the Peninsula, girt itself for its final struggles with Macedonia and Carthage.

When Rome had become the mistress of the world, the Greeks often taunted her by saying that she owed her greatness to the fever of which Alexander died at Babylon ; but the Romans could well afford to smile at the sarcasm, so wanting in truth, by which the Greeks sought to console their vanity, or to indicate their contempt. The work of Alexander, long outliving the empire he founded, was the diffusion of the Greek civilization in the East. It could have been only

in some distempered dream that his thoughts ever wandered to the West. He was too great a statesman to misconceive either his power or his task. The inroads of Pyrrhus, first general and first adventurer of his age, like the invasions of the Gauls a century before, were no more than a desolating storm which passes over the earth and is gone. The Roman armies might be defeated, but the Roman confidence was never shaken. Routed by the Gauls almost within sight of Rome, their city burned, their citadel besieged, the Romans were saved from annihilation by the cackling of geese ; and the Gallic sword was thrown down, to be outweighed by Roman gold. "Rome never negotiates while foreign armies are on Italian soil," was the proud reply of the blind old Claudius to the envoys of Pyrrhus, victorious at Heraclea. In either case, the reliance upon fortune indicates the consciousness of a destiny.

In one respect, however, the appearance of Pyrrhus in Italy marks an era in the history of Rome. He was the first Greek whom the Romans encountered in battle. Hellenic influences, indeed, had long been diffused by the Greek cities of Lower Italy. It was from the Greeks that the Roman kings borrowed the purple mantle and the ivory sceptre. Sybaris, in its time the largest city in Italy, was founded in the same century with Rome. At the foot of Vesuvius had long clustered the Greek colonies whose settlements were regarded by Thucydides as the earliest in the West. So extensive was the Greek colonization in the Peninsula in these early ages, that the name Italia was confined in Greek authors of the fifth century, as in Aristotle, to the modern Calabria. The description of the Romans in their own state law was simply and fitly that of "men of the toga" (*togati*). In all branches of the development of Rome at this period — in legislation, in coinage, in religion, in social habits — the influence of the Greek mind is apparent. During the Samnite wars, at the command of the Pythian Apollo, there were set up in the Roman Forum the statues of two of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks, — Pythagoras and Alcibiades. Facing one another now in battle, the phalanx against the cohort, the mercenary army against the militia, the military monarchy against the

government of the Senate, the antagonism of the Greek and Roman was brought out in its fullest light. To complete the civilization of the ancient world, it was necessary for these two forces to meet and mingle, for the boundless variety of Hellenism to stimulate and to conquer the massive monotony of Rome. The external union of the world under Rome was to prepare the way for its internal unity in Hellenism. Over the ruins of nationalities conquered and civilized was silently and slowly to be worked out between the Greeks and the Romans the great historical compromise of the Roman Empire.

But before this could happen, one formidable obstacle was to be removed. The dominion of Carthage blocked the pathway of Rome. In the times of the kings, the Phoenicians and the Hellenes had contended for supremacy on all the shores of the Mediterranean ; but about the second century of the city, the Greek colonization was arrested by the growth of Carthage, which had centralized the military resources of the Aramaean race. Active, however, as the Phoenicians had been, at an incredibly early period, in setting up their trading establishments in all parts of the Mediterranean, and along the shores of the outer seas, from Cornwall to Malabar, with a single exception, no traces of them are found in Italy. There is, therefore, no ground for supposing that any direct influence was exercised by the Phoenicians upon the Italians. Italian art, like Italian writing, was developed, not under Phoenician, but under Hellenic influences. The Italians may have bought of the Phoenicians ; they learned only from the Greeks. When Carthage came into contact with Rome, it was the first of the Canaanite cities, as Rome was the first of the communities of Latium. In point of wealth, Carthage was, according to Polybius, the first among the states of antiquity. At the time of the Peloponnesian war, its revenues, superior to those of all the Greek states, were compared with those of the Great King. When the ambassadors of Carthage returned from Rome, they reported, with a sneer, that a single service of plate had sufficed for the whole Senate, and had reappeared in every house to which they had been invited. The strength of the Romans by sea was very far from keeping pace with their progress on land. The dominant maritime power, con-

trolling the navigation of the Mediterranean, was Carthage. And the fatal delusion of antiquity, that one nation could not thrive except at the expense of others, soon brought the rival cities into collision.

The Romans were little prepared for the encounter by sea. The boast of the Carthaginians, when they warned the Romans, before the outbreak of hostilities, not to push matters to an extremity,—that without their leave no Roman could so much as wash his hands in the sea,—was perfectly well founded. But the Romans were silent, and extemporized a fleet, and were beaten on their own ground over and over again. Yet in the end the blind faith of the Roman was more than a match for the enlightened tenacity of the Aramæan. On the deserted site of Carthage the Roman eagles plumed their wings for a wider flight. But the fall of Carthage, which made room for the career of Rome, tended also to the wider diffusion of the civilization of Greece.

In his religion, in his laws, in his ideas, the Roman was a striking contrast to the Greek. In the Greek mythology the person is predominant, in the Roman, the idea; in the former, freedom,—in the latter, necessity. The Greek, when he sacrificed, raised his eyes to heaven, the Roman veiled his head. The prayer of the former was vision, of the latter, reflection. With the Greeks the free play of the imagination was encouraged, with the Romans it was repressed. The Latin worship was to obtain the favor of the deity for earthly objects, the Greek was to appease the hunger of the soul for spiritual conceptions. The Roman approached his gods with much the same feeling as he met his creditors. At the bottom of his religion was the idea of expiation, and that profounder one of substitution,—that the anger of the gods might be appeased by voluntary sacrifice of one's self, or by the offering of criminals condemned to die. Further than that the idea seems never to have been carried. Human sacrifices other than these were unknown to the Latin race. With the Greek his religion was his culture, the repository of his ideas, the stimulus of his progress. Its essence was production, of form or idea. The Roman religion could exhibit no image peculiar to itself, except, perhaps, the double-headed Janus. Its chief

use was to promote order and protect morality. And the Roman literature shared in the poverty of the Roman religion. The Greek poetry inspired the Greek tribes with the consciousness of a common nationality, of a common humanity. To the Roman, renouncing all attempts to idealize, the singer and the poet were on pretty much the same level with the rope-dancer and the harlequin. The whole system of Rome tended to train up the citizen to an average character of ability, not to develop individual genius; to stifle, and not to foster, artistic expression and speculative thought.

As was inevitable, the progress of culture bore no sort of proportion to the increase of wealth. To the Greek, the idea of beauty was his individual and his chief possession. The worship of Apollo glorifying earthly morality, the divine intoxication of Dionysus, were incomprehensible to the Roman. Yet the Greek could not advance from national to political unity without exchanging freedom for despotism. The Italian surrendered his personal will to insure the liberty of the commonwealth, and learned to obey his father, that he might know how to obey the state. As the Romans conquered with the sword, they cultivated with the plough. They lost battles, but they held their territory. Their faith was in material things, and they clung to the earth they subdued. The Greek cared less for power than for enjoyment, less for national greatness than for individual glory. With marvellous sagacity, the Romans left the states they conquered in the enjoyment of an autonomy free from taxation. The Greeks exacted tribute, and misruled their subjects. It was the immutable idea of a policy, not individual genius, that ruled Rome, and through Rome Italy and the world. It was the utter want of political unity that sent the Greeks into every land, and saved the earth from the stagnant materialism of Rome. Wherever the Roman legions penetrated, the Greek schoolmaster followed. The higher Roman culture was but the preaching in the Italian tongue of the great gospel of Hellenic arts. It was the dream of Cæsar to rule, not by the sword, but, like Pericles, by the confidence of the nation,— the only illusion, perhaps, which ever prevailed over the clear understanding of that ablest of the Romans. The military monarchy which it was his funda-

mental principle not to found already existed,—the logical result of five hundred years of history. He came not to alter, but to fulfil.

The history of the Romans under the Empire is doubtless one of the most splendid chapters in the annals of the race. That a handful of shepherds, gathered by the hill-sides of the Tiber,—slowly groping their way out of the darkness of an instinct into the glare of a destiny,—should have founded a city and conquered Italy, may afford us matter of curious speculation, of possible surprise. But that out of this long career of foreign conquest and domestic discord, out of these diverse creeds and this profound demoralization, there should have arisen that grand ideal of unity in polity and religion which lifted with itself from the ruins of the Republic the Empire of the Cæsars,—this is the drama, the mystery, the wonder,—startling, solemn, inexplicable,—the phantom form behind the curtain of the ages,—the restless world refusing to be dead,—the surging sea of passion unstilled by the falling shadows of doom,—to which we give the name of Rome.

The spreading empire of Rome had absorbed the civilizing forces of the ancient world. The thought of Greece had long reached its limits,—the task of Judæa was done. What will become of Rome, asked Cato, when there are no more states to conquer? When the Roman legions had reached the farthest boundaries of the Roman world, and, ceasing to conquer, had begun to occupy, though kingdoms rebelled and races migrated, though Roman galleys filled the Mediterranean and Roman eagles glittered from the Euphrates to the Thames, there was stagnation at the heart of the ancient world. A civilization wholly material passes to inevitable decay when the stimulus of conquest ends, and the slumber of peace begins. Silently and slowly the torpor of idleness and luxury undermined the vigor and relaxed the will of Rome. A nation without individuals, strong only by the union of its forces and the power of its traditions, a vast homogeneous mass, moving as with one mind, yet that never of one master, as in the despots of Asia, but of many equals,—the very causes of its success conspired for its ruin. And nothing, perhaps, better accounts for the weakness and the decay of the ancient civili-

zation, than the military domination and the arrogant materialism of Rome.

It is about a hundred and fifty years from the battle of Pydna, when the last civilized foe succumbed before the advance of the Roman legions, to the age of Augustus. In that interval the Roman world was consolidated, the fabric of the Roman power finally established ; — a colossal structure, upheld on the spears of cohorts, gilded with the wealth of kingdoms, but inwardly as hollow and barbaric as the Roman mind was empty and proud. Without intellectual stimulus, with little respect for learning, and little aptitude for the arts, lustful of pleasure, greedy of power, superstitious and cruel and rich, the genuine Roman might boast, indeed, of his citizenship, as he traversed the civilized world, and remembered that it was his ; but beneath this complacency of wealth and this vanity of empire was the stagnation of success, the ennui of dominion. To administer the world it had won may have been the early aspiration, but it soon ceased to be the lasting task of Rome. The cumbersome ceremonial of the Roman religion, says Polybius, was invented for the many, who are not governed by reason, but must be controlled by signs and wonders ; people of sense need no religion. They will never want for wealth, said Sulla, when he emptied the coffers of the Greek temples, whose treasures the gods fill. The immortality of the soul is but a chimera, declared the first of the Cæsars, and the high-priest of its religion, to the assembled Senate. The earth and the enjoyment of it was the ambition and the privilege of the citizens it represented. Beyond the confines of the Empire, as beyond the limits of life, were barbarism and gloom and night. Hence the philosophies borrowed from Greece were moulded wholly for the use of the present, never applied to the explanation of the future. To the Roman consciousness, indeed, there was no future better than the present. How surpass the ancestry in whom was centred that magnificent pride which has been ever since the wonder of the earth ? How better the law which alone of Roman institutions has survived the corruption it failed to repel ? What more to win, in banquets, or beauty, or slaves, or shows, when gladiators, saluting the Emperor, strode erect to their bath of

blood, and Christian martyrs never quailed at the roar of the bestial mob ?

In what direction the Greek mind would have advanced if the blight of the Roman Empire had not fallen upon Greece, it is useless to speculate. Torn by faction, and bereft of freedom, the genius of Greece was degraded to the arts or extinguished by the vices to which, in a hopeless slavery, men ever resort to secure their existence or to deaden their shame. The Hebrew religion redeemed the race and re-created the civilization of Europe, which has embodied and will forever wield the spiritual empire it has won. But the entire lack of vital force observable in the Roman civilization — accounting at once for the rise and for the fall of the Empire — may be traced, if to anything, to the consciousness of a mission completed, to the arrogance which rests in the past, to the mental poverty which is satisfied with the present. The history of the world is the history of human progress. Failing to recognize that divine element, that saving grace, the problem of life is not worth the solving. Our animal courage will keep up from despair, — the philosophy of Epicurus will teach us how to make the best of the sunlight before the shadows thicken ; but strike out the future from an individual, or from a nation, and they perish from the earth they cumber.

In our journeyings along the highways of human living backward into the shadowy land of the past, we come out now and then upon some stretch of level plain, higher, broader, more populous, which indicates a commanding empire and a wide-spread civilization, — a land of rest, rich in cities, gorgeous with temples, — a vision of greatness, — a promise of glory. Such to us is the Roman world in the age of the Antonines. After long and weary struggles, — the clouds of the morning banished by the blaze of her noon tide conquests, her power acknowledged, her ideal achieved, — calm, resplendent, stately, — the Imperial City, mistress of the earth, might have drawn about her the purple robes, and looked with repose upon the red sunset flushes which had begun to circle round her Seven Hills. But to be changeless in the midst of change is more than an idle dream, is a fatal deception. That in the midst of her gorgeous sunset Rome was incredulous of

the possibility or unconscious of the need of a morrow, was the Nemesis of her earthly frailty,—was God in history.

The external, political condition of a country is the result and the reflection of its natural tendencies, of its inherited traditions, of its inner life. To this struggling age, with its heavier burden and its intenser hopes, the story of Roman conquests, except as the illustration of Roman ideas, has no attraction and no meaning. The details of battles are without interest as compared with the epochs they may represent. The intrigues of politicians, personal, petty, corrupting, may fail to be worth the contempt they excite. But into the thought of the past, profounder, clearer, more prophetic to each advancing age and each ascending civilization, it is laid upon us to enter, as into the presence of a diviner intelligence, into the unseen world which is transforming the seen. As with the struggle and the years, with the enlightenment of conscience and the mastery of passion, the fashion of men's faces is altered, so change the features, lustrous with a higher life and a more anxious destiny of the great being, man. Thus in the consummation of the ancient civilization in the age of the Antonines—the ideas of Greece diffused by the power of Rome—there is a certain calmness and content, a certain flush of intelligence, which shows how it had learned to trace in the strife of the past the harmony which had flowered into the life of the present.

From the turbulent epochs it reviewed, as from the rest it abused, there survives for us the lesson it refused to learn, the hymn of fate it refused to hear. A military empire built upon a decaying faith must fall to pieces at the first awakening of conscience, at the first attack of revolution. The material empire of the Romans, the result and the expression of their vast aggressive activities, was unattended, unconsecrated by any general perception of a personal, spiritual progress or reform of the Roman. But the restless soul of man, craving light as the body craves food, aspiring ever to something beyond the mortal, appeased thus for a time by the splendor, or overcome by the languor of success, came by degrees to assert its character, and to claim its rights.

And there was at hand a teacher to inflame its ardor and to

guide its effort. As a reaction not so much from Paganism as from material pursuits and an earthly ideal, the Christianity of the first three centuries was perhaps a purer, more penetrating, more vital element in the world than it has ever been since. It was not so much a religion as a revelation. In the rapid breaking up of the Empire after the age of Constantine, in the dark and stormy forming-time of the new civilization, it shared in the superstition and was degraded to the uses of a new dominion, which under the form of a hierarchy aspired to regain for a college of ecclesiastics the lost Empire of the Cæsars,—a relapse into barbarism, a thraldom of error, which still enslaves Christianity, and still darkens the world. Over the seas and through the ages there echoes now in our ears the crash of a falling empire,—the jubilee of men redeemed. It admonishes us, as by divine voices, that in the perilous times and the tremendous task upon which we have entered, in this new world set apart from the old, saved it must be, if for fiercer struggles, for a higher destiny and the final deliverance,—it is for us never to forget that empire, however vast, and government, however beneficent, is but a form, a means, an invitation to personal struggle and aspiration and faith. It is a summons to the national regeneration and progress and hope,—ceaseless, profound, permanent,—which recognize in military success and the sovereignty of force the stimulus and the obligation of spiritual activity, of humility, of love,—not a temptation to luxury, to discord, or to pride.

ART. IV.—THE PULPIT IN THE PAST.

Les Libres Prêcheurs-devanciers de Luther et de Rabelais. Étude Historique, Critique et Anecdotique sur les XIV^e, XV^e et XVI^e Siècles. Par ANTONY MÉRAY. Paris. 12mo. pp. 210.

In this very little compilation with a very loud-sounding title, M. Méray has, we think, rendered a service to popular literature, though by no means such a service as he might have rendered. His book seems designed for entertainment rather than instruction, and yet the matter of it suggests instruction before entertainment. It is too serious to amuse, and too amusing to be serious. As a study in the history of Church or of people, it is very incomplete. As a critical study, it is inadequate; as a collection of anecdotes, it is meagre. It is simply a handful of specimens of the pulpit oratory that marked the closing period of the Middle Age, and as such it is interesting to those who are unacquainted with the original works of the old preachers, or with the larger compilations from them of Peignot and others. We shall not attempt at present to set forth any detailed theory respecting the functions of the pulpit; but, following our author's example, shall speak rather of the place it holds in history, seeking illustration, in part, in anecdotes and *facetiae* from his pleasant little volume.

The epochs of the world's moral life have been epochs of popular preaching. When the soul has been dead, the prophet of the soul has been mute. In the old Hebrew times, prophecy rose or fell with the rise or fall of spiritual life in the people. When faith in the Lord was low, the "servant of the Lord" lay neglected in obscurity, or fled, hiding himself from popular rage; when faith in the Lord revived, he took his place, and poured forth his burden to listening ears. The prophet was always the leader of the age,—if the age had any leader,—if it marched with open eye or purpose in any direction. If it had no leader, it was simply priest-ridden. The worshippers stayed clustering about the altars, chanting prayers by rote, and shedding profusely the blood of rams, instead of the sacred tide of their own hearts. The prophet

gathered into himself the genius of the nation, and enriched that genius by the contribution of his own. When he came, there was "vision." Through him the Lord spoke. Through him the Spirit was poured forth. Through him communication was made from the everlasting "I AM"; and when communication was not made through him, it was not made. At his coming the altar-fires paled before the day-star from on high; and the priestly forms vanished, without stopping to greet the "beautiful feet" that sparkled on the mountains of the dawn. At his disappearing, religion became a business again, and men settled down to the dull routine of altar and ritual. But for those grand old preachers, the Hebrew history would be a blank to us, the Hebrew oracles would be voiceless, the Hebrew race would have no visible link to connect it with the other races of the globe. But for them, Christianity would have had no historic past, and Judaism no historic future. But for them, our sacred literature would suffer the most grievous impoverishment; our stock of moral ideas would be very painfully diminished; the weight of moral authority in modern society would be very sensibly lessened; the hearty faith in a living, breathing, inspiring God would miss, if not its wings, yet in a large measure the holy air on which those wings are upborne. They have ministered more to our worship than any other class of men, and if they contributed nothing to ecclesiastical forms, to the sanctity of the altar or the pomp of the ritual, they contributed that earnestness of conviction, hope, and love, without which altar form and ritual are worse than unsubstantial.

The early Christian age was an age of preaching. Jesus was a preacher, a popular preacher, who took stone or fishing-boat for a pulpit, hillside or shore for a place of congregation, the present crowd for an audience. There was no choir that we hear of; the singing was by the people, the prayer was short. The stately temple service was not used; the responsive liturgies were omitted, and probably were not missed. The words that he spoke were spirit and life. The Great Teacher summed up his faith in a sermon. What were the New Testament without it? The "Sermon on the Mount," not the temple on Moriah, marks the coming in of the new dispensation.

sation. The whole of Christianity is in the Sermon. It stands on the very first page of Christian literature. It is the life of the Gospels. When faith is earnest, the Sermon is read and re-read. When faith loses vitality, and sinks into ceremonial, the only hope of its revival lies in the Sermon.

It was the fiery tongue that brought the multitudes together on the first Pentecost morning, gave the world the Gospel in a universal speech, and by the power of conviction it carried demonstrated the presence and the action of the Holy Ghost.

In the Greek cities, in the cool of the afternoon, when the people thronged the public square to lounge and gossip, Paul left his tent-making and his book, and drew the crowd together under some deep porch or archway to tell of the Christ in the soul and the great resurrection ; and wove that chain of breath which bound the savage wolf of Paganism in bands invisible, but adamantine.

The man of the fourth century in the Eastern Church was Chrysostom, and Chrysostom the preacher. What Christianity there was in Constantinople found utterance from his "golden lips." And when that voice was silenced by the prelatrical power whose horror of a living faith was no whit less than its horror of Paganism,— perhaps was far greater,— there was no Gospel left in the imperial city.

The deadest of all churches for centuries was the Eastern Church ; and the Eastern Church, since Chrysostom, can produce no great pulpit names. Ecclesiasticism hates preaching. Stanley, in his pleasant history, describes the dismay of the clergy when Nikon, the "Russian Chrysostom," introduced among other bold reforms a sermon,— a thing not heard of for many centuries in the Eastern Church.

"Remark, brother," says an archdeacon to his friend, "what happened now,— an occurrence which surprised and confused our understandings. Not only did he (the Patriarch) read the lesson for the day, but he preached and expounded the meaning of the words to the standing and silent assembly, until our spirits were broken within us during the tedious while. God preserve us and save us!"

The Patriarch is pitiless, and does the abominable thing again.

"The Patriarch was not satisfied with the ritual, but he must needs

crown all with an admonition and copious sermon. God grant him moderation! His heart did not ache for the Emperor, nor for the tender infants standing uncovered in the intense cold. What should we say of this in our country?"

This was written by a functionary of Antioch. So that the anti-parenetical rage was not confined to Moscow; nor were the cold feet the sole objection. Feet were not apt to be cold in Antioch. In fact, we are disposed to think even the Muscovite frigidity exaggerated. Ecclesiasticism usually takes good care to warm its places of worship. The day may, however, have been uncommonly bleak for Moscow, and the preaching was possibly a little hard for people who were not used to it. Clearly they were not used to it. They were used to the omission of it, just as they were used to the omission of the moral virtues which Nikon exerted himself to establish. Preaching was disagreeably associated in the Eastern liturgical mind with purity. The sermon suggested sweetness of behavior. The homily squinted at honesty, decency, and kindred graces of religion. Therefore it had fallen into disrespect.

In the Western Church it was almost as bad for a long season. Roman bishops, till Leo the Great, never were in the habit of addressing their people from the pulpit. And for all that period religion was not in the habit of addressing the people in any form of speech that reached their intelligence or touched their soul. Its arrangements were ordered with the utmost art to make an impression on the senses, but the impression was no image of a living God. Its lessons were veiled in symbol, or shadowed forth inarticulately in the gorgeous dumb-show which bent the people in awe before the pomp of its pageantry, and dissipated the gathered sentiment of reverence by colored lights. It was the epoch of the priest. The services were conducted in the Latin tongue, even in countries where Latin was not the native speech, and the congregation were thus taught to pray incoherently, and to allow the charm of a musical language to steal away the substance of their adoration, and lull their souls into a luxurious slumber. The long roll of the ritual, instead of rousing spirits to the battle of life, induced them to sleep more soundly, in the belief that all that ringing of bells, and pattering of pater-

nosters, and blazing of candles, and sprinkling of holy water, and waving of consecrated banners, and moving to and fro of processions of purple prelates and white priests,— all that murmuring of chants by concealed choirs, the loud-voiced *Te Deums* and mourning *Misereres*, the organ-pipes, timbrels, and sackbuts, the crosses, the incense, the matins, nones, vespers, midnight masses and vigils, would effectually scare away the Evil One.

Everything was carefully arranged with a view to the suppression of spiritual life ; or perhaps it would be juster to say, the suppression of spiritual life made it possible that all things should be so arranged. The confessional was an ingeniously contrived extinguisher of intellectual and moral illumination. It settled questions by putting them out. The Liturgy made independent aspiration an impertinence. The doctrine of salvation by works adapted itself very conveniently to the sluggish consciences which were seeking an escape from the responsibilities of duty and a release from the holy pains of intercourse with the principles of rectitude. There was a grand conspiracy against the soul. Its eyes were dazzled, so that it could not see. Its ears were assaulted with delicious sounds, so that it could not hear. Its hands were busied with telling beads and making the sign of the cross, so that it could not feel after God and find him. Its feet were kept on the march through the routine of ceremonies, so that it could not walk up the hillside to the summit of its transfiguration. What wonder there was no preaching in such an age ? What marvel there was no prophet ? — that the pulpit, like every other part of the establishment, was used for the purpose of putting the religious people to sleep ? Who should preach ? Not the priests : it was not their business. Not the clergy : they were too lazy. Not men of any other class ; for such are raised up by the Spirit, and the Spirit was not in motion. The growing wealth of the clerical establishments separated the clergy from the people, and rendered impossible any living communication between them. The clergy could neither give voice to the popular feeling, supposing any popular feeling to exist, nor could they do anything towards exciting popular feeling where it lay dormant in the masses of men

and women. No vision was possible, for the whole theory of the age assumed that vision was closed. And the people perished, as of course they must.

With the first symptom of reaction against this terrible dearth of spiritual vitality, against this worse than apathy of soul, appeared the preacher ; and it was the very pressure of the ecclesiastical spirit that caused the reaction and started him to his feet. The Church had sent army after army against the Waldenses, in the hope of extinguishing their heresy in their blood. Blood-letting, not the keeping and enriching of blood, was then the popular mode of cure for spiritual as well as for physical ills. Sangrado was chief physician of souls. His method, not being scientific, was fallible ; the patient did not revive under the process of depletion. And hereupon it occurred to Saint Dominic to lay by the lancet and try the operation of stimulants. In 1213 he founded the Order of Preaching Friars, and sent them among the heretics to blow up into flame the sparks of faith which might yet be smouldering in the ashes of their cold and prayerless breasts. Milman describes them well. They were collected from every country ; they spoke every tongue and dialect. In a few years, from the Sierras of Spain to the Steppes of Russia, from the Tiber to the Thames, the Trent, the Baltic Sea, the old faith, in its fullest mediaeval, imaginative, inflexible vigor, was preached in every town and hamlet. They were sworn to poverty and consecrated to meanness. They lived on the alms of the faithful ; and their fare, we may presume, was of the hardest description. They wore a dress of the coarsest serge, they lodged in the poorest and filthiest quarters. Necessity was laid on them to consort with and to teach the very lowest of the people, even the miserable outcasts of society. Their work was among their fellow-men, all their fellow-men, without regard to class or condition. And they took them where they found them,—in city, town, and village, in the field, the market, the camp, the cattle-yard. They were commissioned to do the Church's work,—to suppress the free spirit of inquiry, to exterminate doubt, to bring men back to the old order of lethargy. They were the dumb show made vocal, the mummers muttering.

Mark now the effect. The spirit which had sat shrouded in

silence, so long unable to articulate by reason of those priestly hands laid on its mouth,—the spirit which had been lurking round looking for a door, a window, a crack by which it could find entrance among its people, no sooner saw open these huge uncouth mouths, than it put its word into them; no sooner saw these clumsy tongues wagging, than it touched them with flame. Through these tuneless throats of brass— their own throats, throats of men taken out of their own homes — the people, mute hitherto, found vent for their confused, tumultuous, insurgent, revolutionary thought. The preachers of the Church became the mouth-pieces of humanity. They addressed men in their native language: they used the popular speech,—the speech of the market and the street,—a powerful bond of sympathy and a mighty power of influence. They took the people on their own terms; gave them laugh for laugh, sigh for sigh, and jest for jest. They were at home in the haunts of the vulgar mind, and allowed its coarse, strong humor to find utterance in their sermons. Sensation preachers they were in the most literal sense of the word, enacting over again the grotesque pantomime of the ancient Hebrew prophets, who went to the verge of obscenity in order to catch the eye or ear of the inattentive. As voices of the people, it was necessary that they should utter what was in the people's heart; as voices of the Spirit to the people, it was necessary that their communication should be plain, striking, and impressive.

Antony Méray selects from the remains of these old preachers a good many specimens of their style, which are interesting as showing how the preacher of every age must accommodate himself to the people he addresses. It is interesting to see that the Spurgeons have their place in the Germany, Italy, France of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, as well as in the England and America of to-day. One or two of these will not be foreign to our purpose, or irrelevant to our argument; and they will be instructive, as showing how important the element of humor is in the popular preacher. Some of these sayings suggest at once passages in the sermons of a famous preacher of our own country.

Menot, one of these popular orators, preaching on the miracle of multiplying the loaves, thus takes occasion to satirize the unruly habits of his hearers:—

"According to the text," he says, "there were present on that occasion five thousand men. There were, then, about twenty thousand women; for experience tells us that there are always four women to one man. There must have been a great multitude of boys too, if the women of that time never came to church unless, like the women of this town, they had a boy hanging to their breasts, and a crowd hanging to their skirts, who bawl all sermon-time."

Illustrating the price of getting to heaven, as compared with the price of living comfortable here, the same preacher says:—

"To get into Paradise, you must do as they do in the hotels in Spain,—pay before you dine. The damned follow the fashion of the French inns,—dine first and pay afterwards. Everybody must pay sooner or later."

In that age peace principles were hard to defend. Menot, confronted with the question, "Why did Christ rebuke Peter for smiting Malchus?" replied, "Because, being unskilful in fence, he did not cut off his head instead of his ear."

These old preachers did not deal gently with the women. When the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other, the speaker, being annoyed by the men talking, stopped and rebuked them. Up jumps a woman, and cries, "Reverend father, confess, the noise did not come from our side of the house." "So much the better, my dear, so much the better; it will stop the quicker." The women would come late to the sermon, and caught this buffet. "You could clean out a stable of forty-four horses while a lady was putting in her pins." "Do you know why, after his resurrection, Jesus appeared first to the holy women? Because, knowing their irresistible passion for gossip, he thought the news would spread faster than if he told it to the Apostles."

These old preachers did not stand on points of delicacy when there was a mystery to be explained. The awful drama of sin and redemption is not sublime in the version given by Gabriel Baralete of Naples, in the fifteenth century:—

"'I will give you the earth,' said the Lord to Satan. 'I do not like ploughing,' replied the fiend. 'You shall have the water then.' 'I am not fond of swimming.' 'The air?' 'I have no wish to fly.' 'The fire?' 'Thank you, I am not anxious to burn.' 'Will you have the starry heavens?' 'No: it would tire me to turn it round.' 'The

crystalline firmament ?' 'That is too near you.' 'What will you have, then, beast ?' 'I only ask for the souls of mankind.' "

The catastrophe ensues. Then come the ancients, Abel, David with his harp, Abraham with his bushy beard, to remind God of his promise to send his Son to save the human race. He yields a ready assent to their prayers. The question that remains is, "Who shall give birth to the Saviour ?" Eve first presents herself. "Your sin makes you unworthy," is the reply she gets. Then comes Sara : "You doubted the birth of your son Isaac." Rebecca follows : "You were partial between Jacob and Esau." The fourth who presented herself was Judith, to whom the Lord said : "Thou hast been a homicide." The fifth was Madame Hester, and the Lord said to her : "Thou wast too vain in thine endeavors to please Ahasuerus." At last a young serving-maid fourteen years old was sent ; she with downcast eyes, and covered with blushes, recited on her knees these words of the Canticle : "Let my well beloved come into my garden ; let him eat the apples there." The Son, hearing these words, cried out to his Father, "O my Father, I love this virgin, and ask her for my wife." Who now shall be sent to announce to Mary the great tidings of the incarnation ? One after another the patriarchs presented themselves, and offered their services as heralds, and one after another they were rejected. To Adam Jesus said, "Thou wilt stop at the fig-trees on the road." To Abel, "Thou mightest meet thy brother Cain." To Noah, "Thou art a tippler." To John Baptist, "Wouldst thou venture into the presence of a lady in your hair shirt ?" The upshot of it was, that Gabriel was chosen messenger.

All this sounds like the poorest trifling ; but there is an under-current of solemnity in it. Can one fail to perceive a real human earnestness beneath these grotesque features ? No princess of noble family, no member of an ancient house, no revered mother of the faithful, no beautiful and mighty queen, soiled with vanity, is worthy to be mother to the Son of God. What sympathy with the people, what appreciation of the humanity of the lowest, in the picture of love between the Redeemer and the serving-girl ! Not even the progenitor of the race, because he had a weakness ; not even the first patri-

arch in whom the race was saved, because he had a vice ; not the last and greatest of the prophets, because he was not decently clothed, — was worthy to be sent to this servant-girl to tell her of the honor that was in store for her. None but the purest angel may bring a message of such import to the child of the people.

The spirit of humanity was strong in these men, and the faith of humanity found utterance through their lips. Where can we find anything lovelier in its way than the following story, let fall like a pure gem from some uncouth mouth to show what channels celestial water will flow through. The Dominican, Jean Herolt, tells the story.

" Long time ago, in a monastery of nuns, there lived a virgin named Beatrice, very beautiful, but very devout, and exceedingly fervent in the service of the Mother of God. Raised to the dignity of stewardess of the convent, she conducted herself with as much piety as liberality, when a clerk, seeing and falling in love with her, began to lay siege to her virtue. The poor girl at first repelled his advances, but, the clerk persevering, the old serpent so inflamed her heart that she could hold out no longer. She went to the altar of the Virgin Mother, her protectress, and said to her, ' My mistress, I have served you as devotedly as I was able ; now, being unable to quench my earthly love, I give my keys back to your hands.' Then, having left the keys, she went away with her lover. The clerk, becoming tired of the girl, abandoned her ; and the miserable creature, reduced to the last distress, abandoned herself to a career of vice. After some years of this degraded living, she came one day to the door of the monastery, in secular dress, and, knocking, said to the portress, who waited at the gate, ' Know you Beatrice, who was once stewardess of this convent ? ' ' Perfectly well,' answered the custodian ; ' she is an honest and saintly dame, who has lived without reproach in the monastery from her infancy.' Beatrice was at a loss what to think, hearing this, and was about retiring, when the Mother of Mercy appeared to her, and said, ' My daughter, during these sixteen years that you have been absent, I have discharged your office ; come in now penitent ; no person is acquainted with your fall.' " *

The Christ in humanity asserts itself in the sermon against the less pitiful Christ of the priest.

* This tale has been beautifully versified in Adelaide Procter's "Legend of Provence."

The free spirit found utterance through these old preachers. They stood unabashed before nobles, and confronted princes with the holy law. In the disastrous epochs of history, when society is ready to plunge into an abyss of sanguinary discords, when the rapacity of the hereditary protectors of the people has reduced ruined provinces to despair, these pious mendicants with bald heads appear, and audaciously hurl at abandoned princes the anathema of the dervish in the "Orientales": —

"Ombre de Padishah, qui de Dieu même est l'ombre,
Tu n'es qu'un chien et qu'un maudit."

The famous monk, Jacques Legrand, publicly rebuked Queen Isabella as she entered the church, her head superbly dressed, her bosom exposed, her feet covered with slippers with points two feet long treading the sacred floor. The same preacher, delivering a sermon before King Charles VI., openly charged the public misery on the Duke of Orleans, whom he called the "cursed of the people," insisted on the scandalous behavior which was notorious in the streets, and ended by predicting that nothing less than a complete and prompt reform would save the empire from falling into the hands of its enemies.

Oliver Maillard, being threatened with drowning by the angry courtiers of Louis XII., because he protested against the edict of Tours, replied, "As you please,— it is as convenient for me to go to Paradise by water as by land." Jean Bricot said to Francis I., *apropos* of wasted finances, "Sire, if you continue to have your hands pierced like the great saint whose name you bear, you will create as many involuntary paupers as St. Francis created voluntary." "They say you make people laugh in your sermon," said the Duke of Epernon to Maurice Ponct; "that is not well." "Monsieur," responds Ponct, "I would have you know that I preach only the word of God, and I have never in my life made as many laugh as you have made cry."

As the humanity of the age spoke out through these men, so did the faith of the age speak out. Like Balaam, they had put into their mouths a testimony which was unexpected. They were sent forth in the interest of the hierarchy; they

spoke in the interest of the people; they were sent forth charged with the duty of recovering the beliefs of the Middle Ages; they were made instrumental in weakening those beliefs; they were commissioned to stay the accelerating progress of heresy; they were made the precursors of the Reformation. Alas for a sleepy priesthood, for a corrupt and superstitious Church, that these men were abroad! They were the multitudinous eyes of the people, searching all things. They were the multitudinous tongues of the people, telling all they saw. The arrows of their wit flew high and low, well feathered and poison-tipped. "Go to the tables of the prelates," says one of these men, "the conversation runs always on topics of luxury, and he whose talk is the dirtiest gets the applause." The Dives in the parable is the "great prelate who is dowered beyond measure with the patrimony of Christ, pompously clad in scarlet and silk, and deliciously fed day by day, better even than most of the lords of the high nobility." "O ye gentlemen prelates!" cries Gabriel Baralete, one of the order of preaching friars, "how goes the Church in these times? What have you to say of the cardinal who throws away on his dogs, and the keepers of his dogs, six thousand gold ducats a year?"

"Certes," quoth Michel Menot, "it would seem that the prelates were sent as scourges by the wrath of God, or rather by the malice of the Devil, for the purpose of destroying and depopulating the Church. The thousand prelates are the cause why the poor, simple people sin and damn themselves to all the devils. When the master is a drummer and a fiddler, the varlets are disposed to caper."

The same bold voice exclaims:—

"The temples are crumbling under the weight of gold, rather than the force of the winds. They pretend that the wealth of the Church is the offspring of devotion. If it is, the child has suffocated the mother. What say you, prelates and lords ecclesiastical, who feed on the flesh of this poor one who hangs on the cross?"

Christopher Aubry, announcing the death of Sixtus V. in the Church St. André des Arcs, thus unceremoniously deals with his subject:—

"God has just delivered us from a rascally Pope and politician. If he had lived longer, Paris would have been astonished at hearing him preached at, and it would have been necessary to do it."

Says William Pepin, in a sermon :—

“ When the dignitaries of the Church notice the death of people of moderate means, they think it not worth their while to leave their dens. The spoil will not pay. They send their lackeys to plunder such as they, and stay at home themselves, amusing their leisure with cards and dice. But when they hear the big bells clang for the funeral of people who are somewhat, then they know that great distributions are on foot. They are like owls or bats, which never go into the Church except to fatten on the lamp-oil.”

“ Go to the parishes when they make the sermon,” exclaims Menot. “ You will hear excommunications launched at people for taking a stick of wood or a pair of spurs. I should like much to see them launched at malefactors, blasphemers, usurers, seducers. Let them who send others to the Devil for ten pence, go to the Devil themselves.”

When Innocent IV. excommunicated the Emperor Frederick II., in the middle of the thirteenth century, a *curé* of Paris got up in the pulpit, and said :—

“ I am ordered to launch excommunication against the Emperor Frederick. I don’t know what for. All I know is, that he and the Pope hate each other mortally. God only can tell which of the two is wrong. So with all my might I declare, Excommunicate the one who inflicts the injury, and absolve the one that suffers it.”

Early in the sixteenth century came up the question of Indulgences. Let us hear how these old preachers dealt with it. Here the issue was clearly made between conscience and the Church : the pulpit represented conscience.

“ Think you,” cries Oliver Maillard, “ that a usurer full of vice, with thousands and thousands of sins on his head, will obtain remission of his sins by putting six white pieces in a box ? Some woman will say, ‘ Father, is it not better to buy them, since the bishops authorize it ? ’ I believe the bishops take their share of the profits, and that all of them are thieves.”

Menot, the often quoted, pours out language in the same strain.

“ As to the abuse of indulgences, as to these sharpers who cheat the people, what say you of those who, having lost their relics at the tavern, substitute for them a bit of charcoal found in a stove, and say it came from the pile where St. Lawrence was roasted ? What say you of the man who thrusts one of these bulls between the teeth of a dead man, as they are carrying him to burial, pretending that he will be saved

by that expedient? Verily, according to your notion, the tail of a calf is all one needs to climb to heaven by, provided it be long enough."

Criticism hereabouts is pretty sharp: the preacher has small respect for persons.

In a sermon preached before the Council of Sienna in the fifteenth century, a preacher delivered himself as follows:—

"In these days of ours, one sees priests who are usurers, inn-keepers, merchants, governors of chateaux, notaries, stewards, confidential go-betweens at court. The only trade they have not yet begun to exercise is that of butcher. The bishops, in the matter of luxury, outdo Epicurus. Over their cups they discuss the authority of Pope and Council."

He tells the legend of St. Brigitta, who, being in an ecstasy in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, lifted her eyes, and saw the building on a sudden swarming with mitred hogs. "What signifies this vision?" cries the saint. "These," replied the Lord, "are the bishops and abbés of this generation." Who can be surprised at the apparition of Martin Luther, after a century or two of such preaching as this?

The yet latent faith of the new age lisped and stammered from the mouth of these men. The freedom with which they interpreted Scripture helped familiarize people with the use of reason and common sense as applied to the sacred books. The broad humor with which they satirized the Prince of Darkness and his imps necessarily brought his Satanic Majesty into something like contempt; and the coarse naturalism which they carried into their descriptions of the future life could hardly fail to shock and shake the deep-rooted reverence for the mediæval traditions.

These illustrations show us a body of men who gave voice to the living faith and conscience of the time,—the steady antagonists of the ecclesiastical establishment to which they themselves belonged. These men illustrate the function of the preacher, as distinct from and opposed to the function of the priest. They addressed the religious sentiment in men through the natural reason and conscience, not through the eye and ear. They had their dumb shew, their tricks of gesticulation, their pictures for the sensuous fancy, their grotesque representations of truth under form of allegory and symbol

and myth. But their fancy pictures were very different from the painted canvas on the walls of the churches. The word was articulated in the parables ; and if eye and ear were addressed, they were addressed in a way that obliged them to report the message that was given them to the soul within. The Spirit moved through these men. It moved as the age moved, and in the very front line of the movement of the age. The old preachers were, without a single exception, social reformers. Without a single exception, too, they were reformers in state and Church. No vice escaped their censure ; no abuses evaded their criticism. They believed in the Spirit which made all things new. Radicals they were, laying the axe at the root of the tree, no matter in what private garden or convent enclosure it grew. They were radical as the New Testament ; radical as conscience. Belonging to the people, they sympathized with the people. Sympathizing with the people, they were immediately in communication with humanity. Being in communication with humanity, they struck into that broad river of God on whose bosom the Church herself floated like an ark. The probability is, that their age was as much indebted to them for its reverence as it was for its instruction. They helped their contemporaries to worship, as well as to reason and think. Nay, it was in helping them to reason and think that it helped them to worship. Ministers of conscience, they were also ministers of faith. At least, we Protestants are bound to say so, for these preachers were the fathers of Protestantism,—fathers, too, of degenerate children.

Even so far back as this, we find the materials for an estimate of the function of the preacher as compared with that of the lecturer. Let Abelard represent the lecturer,—and he was a lecturer of whom no modern platform speaker can be ashamed. Let Savonarola represent the preacher,—and he was a preacher with whom the noblest modern prophet will deem it an honor to be compared. Abelard was the model speaker of the platform, the ideal talker to the people on popular themes. His mind was abundantly stored with the knowledge needful to his calling. He was a close, vigorous, intense thinker, an affluent and brilliant orator. Of himself he said, that he preferred the strife of disputations to the trophies of

war; and he carried into his disputation the spirit of conquest that marks the warrior. He talked for victory. His object was to get the popular applause. To compass that object, he strained his wonderful faculties to the utmost. All Paris was moved to hear him, and people from the adjacent districts crowded to his school. From distant lands the multitude came over the vague and difficult roads, braving the dangers and the toils of the journey. Even Rome sent her children to hear him. In the later periods of his career, when an outcast from the great cities and from the society of well-reputed men, he repaired to the solitary places, and, making a stone his platform, spoke to as many as his fame for misfortune, for eloquence, for genius might attract. The crowd followed him to his retirement. The caves around were made lodgings. The hillsides and fields were covered with booths and huts. A colony grew about the speaker. The enthusiasm was prodigious; but it was enthusiasm of the intellect. The heart was not moved, nor was the conscience quickened or the life reformed. The themes dealt with were the matters of philosophy which exercised the subtle wit of the time, questions in metaphysics and theology. He gave voice to the inarticulate doubt of the age. He brought to self-consciousness the dumb, brooding, restless reason which was beginning to have a sense of its own rights, and was beginning to feel out for itself the dim and perilous way which led through old credulity into the field of independent truth. One of the most popular of our modern lecturers, whose fame is as great now on the shores of the Pacific as it was formerly on the shores of the Atlantic, spoke in all our great cities to overflowing and delighted audiences on "Substance and Show." Substance and show was also the topic on which Abelard dilated in Paris, and on the ground afterward hallowed by the Chapel of the Paraclete. His masterly powers of analysis, his daring speculation, his brilliant development and antithesis, his skillful combinations and generalizings, his charm of diction and intense fervor of mental excitement, carried people away as effectually as they have done since. But the joy which Abelard felt and imparted was joy of the brain. He had no purpose to bless the poor, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim

the erring, to recover the lost. The despot did not fear him. The worldling did not quail before him. The wicked neither fell at his feet in penitence nor gnashed at him in rage. He was persecuted as a rationalist, not as a reformer. He was banished on account of his alleged infidelity to the creed, not on account of his unquestionable fidelity to conscience. True, in his years of sadness, when his spirit was softened by suffering and chastened by a sense of quiet, he sternly rebuked the lax and lascivious morals of the monks with whom he sought refuge ; but this was an incidental passage in his career. The spirit of moral rebuke did not animate any more his public discourses nor enter as an element into his public designs. To the last he talked for victory in the realm of thought, not for sway in the realm of virtue. All honor to the bold thinker and undaunted speaker,—the founder of philosophy in the Middle Age, the prince of rationalism, the superb talker, through whose tongue the dormant intellect of the generation found swift and copious utterance. But a sigh for his shame and sin ; a tear for his memory. He did what was in him to do ; and he did no more, because with such power as he had no more was to be done. Greater work demanded greater endowment.

And here comes Savonarola, the preacher, to do that greater work. He employs the same instruments,—the human speech, the face, the eye, the gesture, the majestic force of presence,—but employs them to what different effect, because using them with what different purpose. There was a genuine prophet of the soul. We are concerned with him now simply as a preacher, and therefore we shall say nothing about his life, as we said nothing about the life of Abelard. The direction, point, power of the word is the thing which concerns us ; and by his words he shall be judged. Hear him : he is inveighing against the corruptions of Rome.

“ What is Babylon but Rome ? Babylon means confusion. There is not in the world greater confusion of crimes and all sorts of iniquity than at Rome. Since they have made it a dwelling for harlots, God will make it a stable for swine and horses.

“ The Popes have reached the highest priestly dignities through shameless simony and craft ; and, seated in the holy chair, give them-

selves up to a life of voluptuousness and insatiable avarice. Cardinals and bishops follow their example. No discipline, no fear of God, is in them. Many believe in no God. The chastity of the cloister is slain, and they who should serve God with holy zeal have become lukewarm and cold.

"The most sacred things are degraded in the pulpit,—theology to rhetoric, poetry, fable. The holy is mixed with sin, the ecclesiastical with worldly vanity. They hold market in the churches. Men and women come in gaudy decoration and crowd about the altar, pushing and confessing without devotion or fear of God. The women go up and down listening to a thousand improper speeches. The young men surround the pretty girls like a wall. They think they honor God by dressing the church, and paint the Virgin Mary as a mistress. I tell you that nowhere in the Gospel is it commanded to have golden and silvern crosses and other costly things in the Church. If those who gave them as offerings will be satisfied, I will be the first to lay hands on the cups and crosses of my cloister to feed the poor from their superfluity.

"The pillars of the Church are cast down to the earth, and evangelical doctrine is heard no more. The gold of the temple is gone,—the true Divine Wisdom which enlightens and gladdens the heart. The roof of the Church has fallen in. In the storm and the whirlwind are swept away the devout priests and princes who adorn the bride of Jesus. The binding lime and mortar fail. All the walls of the Church are undermined. The revenues of the Church are devoted to perishable pomp and worldly ends, and the sin of the Devil's children is doubled; for they pride themselves in their deed, and boast that they have made broad the way of the Christian life. Cursing and swearing take with them the place of manly courage. Prodigality they esteem liberality; fraud upon their neighbor, laudable prudence; self-revenge, honor; ostentation, virtue. In the primitive Church the chalices were of wood and the prelates of gold: in our days the chalices are of gold and the prelates of wood. A great prelate of this stamp once showed to St. Thomas Aquinas a hugh wash-basin full of ducats, and said, See here, Master Thomas, the Church can no more say, with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.' True, responded Thomas; but neither can she say, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, stand up and walk.'"

This man had no wonderful arts of oratory; but he drew the people to him by the heart-strings, and held them by the conscience till they heard all he had to say. The cloister of

San Marco, where he first preached, was so beset by the thronging multitude, that the vast doors of the Florentine cathedral were thrown open, and the voice of the preacher rang through its immense spaces. The entranced crowd covered the floor, hung black on every perch and coigne of vantage, and sent back from thousands of burning eyes the glances which flashed from the orbs of the impassioned prophet. His appeal is ever to first principles. He lays his long finger on the golden rule, and makes it the measure of all practice in Church and in state, in private and in public affairs. Florence is virtually ruled from the pulpit of the Duomo. The Word of God, quick, powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, clove the Prince of the World from crown to breast-bone, and sent his vicious imps trooping from the city. Savonarola was a small, spare man ; but he had back of him the moral force of humanity. As the soft candle penetrates the two-inch plank like an iron ball when driven by the force of gunpowder, as the viewless air compressed by the whizzing cannon-shot prostrates the man, as the wad from a rifle-barrel does the work of the bullet, so this frail voice, propelled by the force of a great conviction, fell like a thunder-stone on priest and prince,— even on princes like Lorenzo the Magnificent, and on priests like Alexander VI. This prophet is greater than the extant Church. He is great as the extant Christendom.

Lorenzo tries to silence him by princely condescensions ; but he retorts, “The good dog always barks in order to defend his master’s house, and if a robber offer him a bone or the like, he pushes it aside, and barks on.” The Pope condemns his conduct, and cites him to Rome.

“If the commands of superiors contend with the Divine decrees,” thunders the preacher, “no one is bound by the latter to observe the former ; nay, in that case, the observance would be sin. Should the Church command anything against the law of Love, then say I, Thou art not the Roman Church, nor a shepherd of it, but a man, and dost err.

“I turn myself to the wicked. O ye ungrateful ! hear my words. Ye strive not against this monk, but against Christ, who is a righteous and powerful judge. Ye say, Thou art the cause of our strife. I answer, The wicked life is the cause. Live well, and you will have peace.

"If this power of the Church be indeed destructive or ruinous, it is no ecclesiastical, but a hellish power of Satan. I tell you when they maintain concubines, catamites, and robbers, and endeavor to hinder the Christian life, it is a devilish power that we must resist. I defend the Romish Church and the Christian doctrine against that hellish power of Satan."

There was a torch to carry into those chambers of imagery where the elders were bowing before profane idols. As if it did not flame high enough, or throw its beams over a wide enough space, the elders seized it, and lifted it up on a scaffold, and piled fagots around it, and made a flame which lighted up all Italy and Germany and France. For two hundred years Florence remembered the martyrdom of Savonarola. The Church that rejected him was glad to take him back victorious in death. A Dominican opposed him; the Dominican order asked for him an admission among the saints. A Pope excommunicated him; a Pope favored his canonization. Michel Angelo spread his inspiration over the walls of the Sixtine Chapel, Rafaelle honored him with a place in his most famous fresco, among the great doctors of the Church. Luther gave him rank with the holy witnesses of reform, Humanity gives him a place among its benefactors.

ART. V.—KINGLAKE AND HIS CRITICS.

The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vols. I., II.

WHEN the Crimean war was brought to a close by the reduction of Sebastopol, and its accounts came to be balanced, the English people settled down into a condition of mind which was not exactly one of satisfaction, certainly not one of pride, but one in which the preponderant feeling was perhaps that of relief at having at length finished a war of which the origin had been so uncertain, the object so shadowy, the conduct in many respects so discreditable, the glory so scanty, and the cost so dreadfully disproportioned to the results. It had not been a war which could, on the whole, be reviewed by an Englishman with much complacency, and possibly the nation would have been content to see its history remain unwritten. But this could not be. The materials for its history were known to be ample beyond all precedent. It shortly became known that these materials had been placed in the hands of Mr. Kinglake, who would in due course of time present to the eyes of the reluctant nation the most complete and vivid picture which could be produced from them of this latest “war for an idea.” After nearly seven years of preparation, the first portion of the work has at length appeared, and is at once rendered remarkable by the extraordinary vigor of the criticisms which it has provoked from the reviewers of its own country. From the Edinburgh and Quarterly down to “the little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart,” it is one grand burst of anger and objurgation.*

We opened the book with a strongly favorable prepossession, which may have been partly due to this extreme severity on the part of the British critics; for it was not unnatural that, when these sensitive reviewers broke forth with such unusual violence against the historian of their latest war, whose materials had been at once so ample and so fresh, and whose task

* Except the later very able and authoritative paper in the North British Review.

had been so long in progress, we should look a little beyond the avowed grounds of complaint, to ask where British pride had been wounded, where truth "not to be spoken at all times" had been too imprudently disclosed, and where criticism had been too freely dispensed in regard to the movements of British generals and the policy (or the want of policy) of British statesmen. It did not seem quite possible that so much wrath could be excited in English breasts by under-rating France and overrating England. We remembered that the approbateness of the Hon. Elijah Pogram, who declared that "our people must be cracked up, sir!" was not wholly without parallel in the mother country; and we thought it not unlikely that some theory which recognized that amiable popular weakness might go far to account for the bitterness of the hostility which Mr. Kinglake had been so unfortunate as to provoke. We were not altogether wrong. It is hard for an Englishman to be told, still harder for him to hear the announcement made to the admiring world, that the English Cabinet, at a special council, went quietly off to sleep over the first reading of a despatch from the Minister of War to the general commanding the forces in the East, so momentous as that which directed the expedition against Sebastopol. It is hard to be forced to believe that the ministry of Lord Aberdeen, instead of "drifting" into the war, according to the expressive phrase of one of their number, were towed into it by the selfish diplomacy of a foreign usurper. Let us confess at once, as the author himself has undoubtedly done, that the anger is not unnatural, and was only what might have been expected.

Mr. Kinglake has produced a book which, if not as excellent as was hoped from his reputation as a brilliant writer and his deliberate preparation, is still, in many respects, vastly superior to the majority of histories written so shortly after the events they describe. Written as it must have been with a pretty clear foresight of the hostility of the professional critics, it was perhaps not easy to avoid a certain self-assertion and independence of tone which subject him to the charge of conceit. This blemish, however, is not offensively prominent; and it may easily be pardoned in a work which exhibits in a high degree the qualities of courage, energy, and an honesty

of purpose that keeps the sympathies of the author always in the right direction, and prevents his sarcasm, even when most bitter and relentless, from becoming indiscriminate.

The first of the two volumes of the English edition is given to an elaborate investigation of the "Transactions which brought on the War." Mr. Kinglake describes with amusing minuteness the quarrel between the monks of the Greek and Latin Churches for the supreme privileges of the holy shrine at Bethlehem, and the skilful management and use of the quarrel by the new-made Emperor of the French, as a means for strengthening his somewhat unstable position on the throne. With equal minuteness he describes the reawakening of the old strife between Russia and the Porte, on the question, half religious and half political, of the privileges of the Christians in Turkey, which was sustained with so much bitterness on the part of the Russian ambassador, Prince Mentschikoff, and with so much moderation and dignity on the part of the Sultan and his advisers,—a strife alternately soothed by the judicious mediation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and fanned into fresh heat by angry despatches from the Czar,—until the final departure of Mentschikoff from Constantinople, the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the Russian troops, and the assembling of the representatives of the Four Powers at Vienna. At this point Mr. Kinglake abruptly branches off into a separate and vivid history of the great exploit of Louis Napoleon on the 2d of December. His apology for this seemingly wide digression is his theory of the main cause of the war,—that when the quarrel was in a fair way of being settled by the combined interference and remonstrance of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, the new Emperor, finding his throne undignified by the loyalty of a single Frenchman of character, and endangered by the concealed discontent of the French people, deliberately thwarted the action of the Four Powers, and exasperated the quarrel between Russia and Turkey.

"The associates of the Elysée well understood, that, if they had been able to trample upon France and her laws, then success had been made possible by the dread which the French people had of a return to tumult; and it was clear that, until they could do something more than

head the police of the country, their new power would be hardly more stable than the terrors on which it rested. What they had to do was to distract France from thinking of her shame at home by sending her attention abroad. For their very lives' sake, they had to pile up events which might stand between them and the past, and shelter them from the peril to which they were brought whenever men's thoughts were turned to the night of the 2d of December, and to Thursday, the day of blood. There could be no hesitation about this. Ambition had nothing to do with it. If Prince Louis and Morny and Fleury, if Maupas, St. Arnaud, and Magnan, were to continue quartered upon France, instead of being thrown into prison and brought to trial, it was indispensable that Europe should be disturbed. Without delay the needful steps were taken."

During the summer of 1853, the understanding of the Four Powers was perfect in regard to the occupation of the Principalities by Russia. In this understanding, and in the strong pressure which by means of it they were prepared to exert upon the Russian Emperor, Mr. Kinglake recognizes the proper, legitimate, and certain assurance that the haughty Czar might have been forced to abandon his pretensions, and that the peace of Europe might have been preserved. Under the circumstances then existing, the power most interested in opposing the course of the Czar was not France, still less England, but Austria, whose eastern territory was encompassed by the provinces upon which his troops had entered. But to allow Austria to take the lead, either in remonstrance or in retaliation, would be to neglect the very opportunity which Louis Napoleon had been so anxiously preparing, for exhibiting himself to France and the world in the character of the defender of the peace of Europe. Accordingly, Mr. Kinglake represents the Emperor as overruling the inertia of the English ministry, and absolutely forcing it, against its instincts and against its prejudices, to a virtual neglect of the broader alliance, and to the formation of a separate and distinct alliance with himself.

"The purport of this arrangement still lurks in private notes, and in recollections of private interviews, but it can be seen that (for reasons never yet explained) France and England were engaging to move in advance of the other powers. The Four Powers were to be judges, and two of them — namely, France and England — were to be the executioners."

It was not till the 23d of October that the Sultan declared war against Russia. A month before this (still, according to Mr. Kinglake, at the urgent instance of Louis Napoleon) the French and English governments had joined in ordering their fleets, which had been for some months lying at anchor at the mouth of the Dardanelles, to pass the straits and enter the Bosphorus. This was the most important and the most threatening step yet taken, because it was not unnaturally regarded as a violation of the treaty of 1841, by which the five great powers of Europe recognized and agreed to respect the right of the Sultan to exclude foreign vessels of war from the Turkish waters, and by which, on the other hand, the Sultan agreed to enforce the right, except in case of foreign war. The entry of the French and English fleets was, therefore, either a violation of the treaty, or a recognition of a state of war which had not yet been declared. The mischief of the measure consisted in the effect it produced at St. Petersburg. The Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, a statesman of great moderation and foresight, a member of the English Church, and an adviser who had opposed with great courage and manliness the impetuous impulses of the Czar, "now declared with sorrow, that he saw in the course of the British government a settled purpose to humiliate Russia." The Czar himself went beyond his customary threats and denunciations, and, according to Mr. Kinglake, sent to Sebastopol orders for instant and active operations by the Black Sea fleet. A month after the appearance of the Western fleets in the Bosphorus, these orders had been obeyed in the attack on Sinope and the annihilation of the Turkish fleet. The French and English ambassadors, as well as the fleet commanders, knew perfectly well what was to happen for some days before the disaster, and had been in receipt of intelligence of the threatening movements of the Russian fleet outside the harbor, and even of an appeal for reinforcements from the commander of the Turkish squadron. Lord Stratford had been instructed by his government, that, "if the Russian fleet were to come out of Sebastopol, the fleets would then, as a matter of course, pass through the Bosphorus." The governments of France and England had engaged "to defend Constantinople, or any other part of the

Turkish territory which might be in danger of attack." But the representatives of these two powers, on the strength of whose encouragement the Sultan had issued his declaration of war, now stood quietly by, holding their fleets almost within hearing of the Russian broadsides, while his fleet was destroyed and his sailors massacred. The Russians entered the harbor of Sinope with six ships of the line.

"The Turks were the first to fire, and to bring upon their little squadron of frigates the broadsides of six sail of the line; and although they fought without hope, still they were steadfast. Either they refused to strike their colors, or else, if their colors went down, the Russian admiral was blind to their signal, and continued to slaughter them. Except the steamer, every one of the Turkish vessels was destroyed. It was believed by men in authority that four thousand Turks were killed, that less than four hundred survived, and that all these were wounded. The Russian fleet did not move from Sinope until the next day."

This ferocious attack on the part of Russia put an end to all hopes of peace. The French and English governments felt the sensitiveness of men who have undertaken to protect a weak neighbor against a strong enemy, and have seen him undergo deadly injury in their very presence. Yet even then the English ministry, governed by the principles of Lord Aberdeen, could not bring itself to do more than to suggest to the Czar that he had better not do that again. Lord Palmerston, seeing perhaps more clearly the temper of the English people, resigned his office. The remainder of the Cabinet drifted on. But the French Emperor took the offence in a different spirit. He submitted to the British Cabinet a proposal to notify Russia "that France and England were determined to prevent a repetition of the affair of Sinope, and that every Russian ship thenceforward met in the Euxine would be requested, and if necessary constrained, to return to Sebastopol, and that any act of aggression afterwards attempted against the Ottoman territory or flag would be repelled by force."

Mr. Kinglake singularly enough regards this proposal as skilfully adapted to catch the approbation of a timid peace Cabinet, as well as that of the men who, like Palmerston, desired a vigorous policy. And indeed the result of the proposal would seem to authorize this view; for although on the 17th

of December "the English government had taken a step in pursuance of the decision of a majority of the Cabinet," yet on being presented, the very next day, with the plan of the French Emperor, they forsook their own, and after a brief struggle yielded to his strong will. Mr. Kinglake acknowledges, however, that the will of Louis Napoleon was also in equal degree the will of the English people, though he does not say, what seems only fair to suppose, that the latter was more apt to be the effective spur. When the stronger policy had been adopted, Lord Palmerston resumed his place in the Cabinet. But it is difficult to believe that any statesmen could be sufficiently simple to suppose for a moment that a monarch so strong and so haughty as Nicholas of Russia could receive quietly a message to the effect that every vessel which bore his flag in the Black Sea was henceforth under the authority of the servants of two foreign powers, and was forbidden to venture out of port on pain of being driven back in utter shame by foreign cruisers. This was the message transmitted to the Czar on the 12th of January by the governments of France and England. On its reception the Czar withdrew his ambassadors from Paris and London. The French and English governments followed suit, and the rupture was complete. From that time the advance of the powers to a state of war was steady and rapid. Meanwhile the allied fleets had entered the Black Sea, which was thenceforward under their control. The Russian forces still occupied Moldavia and Wallachia, and waged active war through the winter with the Turkish army under Omar Pasha. Mr. Kinglake makes it appear that the Austrian government was to take the necessary steps (even at the risk of a war) for forcing the Czar to withdraw his troops from the Principalities, and that Count Buol declared to the French ambassador at Vienna, that "if England and France will fix a day for the evacuation of the Principalities, the expiration of which shall be the signal for hostilities, the Cabinet of Vienna will support the summons." If this was so, the governments of London and Paris in their haste disregarded the proffered co-operation, and sent by themselves the summons which determined the conflict. The Russian government declined to reply, and on the 27th of March France and Great Britain declared war. The formal treaty of alliance was signed on the 10th of April.

We have followed Mr. Kinglake only in the most superficial manner through his first volume. It is this portion of the work which his English critics condemn most strongly, and there is scarcely an objection which it is possible to urge against an historical work which they do not bring against this; unless it be the single objection of dulness, of which we believe the author has not yet been accused. They question his authorities, they deny his statements, they criticise his temper and his style, they visit alternately with extravagant praise and vehement abuse. They make out a list of the causes which he cites as producing the war, and undertake to prove them false in whole and in part. But the string on which they harp with the most bitter persistency is his contempt of Louis Napoleon. His book, says the *Edinburgh*, "bears on every page the taint of malignant hostility to the Emperor of the French." "He pursues the Emperor and those about him," says the *Quarterly*, "with a rancorous animosity and a fierce, fiery invective which savors more of the unforgiving vengeance of one who has experienced some great personal wrong, than of the calm judgment of the historian." "The author," says the *National*, "has sacrificed artistic propriety to the gratification of his hatred." These reviewers, without exception, are careful to say, that their disapprobation of the *Coup d'Etat* is as strong as ever. They still consider it (to use the exquisitely appropriate phrase of the New Jersey opposition, when it becomes necessary to speak of treason and insurrection) an "irregular" proceeding by no means to be accepted as a precedent. Mr. Kinglake's fault lies in not being content with disapprobation. He runs into the grave impropriety of raking up the whole history of that irregularity from the oblivion to which it had been decently consigned, and pours upon the heads of its principal actor and his less conspicuous but equally energetic confederates the overflowing vials of his scorn, his disgust, his ridicule, his lofty and manly anger. What he thought of Louis Napoleon in December, 1851, he thinks now, and what he thinks he says in the most emphatic words at his command.

Let us say that in our opinion he is perfectly right; and that his courage and his unconventional frankness make for us the

chief charm of the book. If M. Granier de Cassaignac is not afraid or ashamed to speak out the horrible details of the great crime, in the interest of his master, why should Mr. Kinglake hesitate to review them in the interest of truth and of an outraged humanity? How pitiful is the spectacle of the English nation shivering with terror and shouting with simulated indignation, lest the honest scorn of an English writer for a coil of French conspirators should "endanger the alliance," and leave Great Britain to face alone the dangers of European diplomacy and the complications of European politics! It is no doubt true, that one government in its intercourse with another cannot look too closely into its origin. The English nation and the French nation must have communication, and the Queen and her cabinet must in public ignore the shameful rise of the present Empire, and treat with the Emperor as with a sovereign and an equal. So much the greater is the duty of the English people to guard against the easy judgment which approves whatever is established. So much the more urgent the duty of an English writer to place a criminal before his countrymen as a criminal, however brilliant; whose meanness is none the less to be despised because it has been for a time successful. For us, the Emperor of the French is to-day what he has always been. Not all the seeming security of his present position, not the accumulated splendors of his renovated capital, not the glories of Sebastopol or of Solferino, can blind our eyes to the essential baseness and vulgarity of his character. While in obscurity, he lacked the self-respect to live decently. To raise himself out of that obscurity, he was willing to stain his soul with the meanest vices and the blackest crimes; with falsehood, ingratitude, the betrayal of friends,—with perjury, treason, and with the authorization of wholesale murder. It was hard for the Queen of England to be drawn into concerted action with such an Emperor; and the more convincing is Mr. Kinglake's exposition of the artifices by which the alliance was effected, and the motives which influenced Louis Napoleon in making it, the more natural and easy to explain becomes the rage of his English reviewers.

Mr. Kinglake in his disgust for the Emperor does some injustice to his intellectual capacity. He repeatedly represents

him as a man of a feeble temper, fond of romantic and ambitious adventure, but without the pushing and self-reliant spirit of a soldier of fortune ; with a passion for pomp and vain display, but without energy, and without any large measure even of personal courage.

"The truth is, that the sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theoric bent, and these passions, though they had power to bring him to the verge of danger, were not robust enough to hold good against man's natural shrinking from the risk of being killed,—being killed within the next minute. Conscious" (this was on the occasion of his attempt at Strasburg) "that in point of hat and coat and boots he was the same as the great Napoleon, he imagined that the great *revoir* of 1815 between the men and the man of a hundred fights could be acted over again between modern French troops and himself; but when checked, he did not, like a madman or a dare-devil, try to carry his venture through, nor did he even hold on long enough to try, and try fairly, whether the Bonapartist sentiment to which he appealed were really existent or not ; on the contrary, the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead, and, becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself (as he always has done) to the first man who touched him."

In the execution of the plot of December, he is represented as "under the propulsion of Fleury" and of the Count de Morny. The biographical sketches with which these two energetic workers are introduced, as well as those of their coadjutors, M. de Maupas and "St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy," are among the most amusing passages in the book. Having shown the fitness of these gentlemen for the purpose they were intended to serve, Mr. Kinglake goes on to relate the progress and consummation of the conspiracy. The selection and disposition of the necessary regiments, the meeting of the Confederates at the Elysée after the assembly on Monday night, the arrest of the prominent generals and statesmen in the night, and of the Corps Legislatif in the morning, the feeble attempts at resistance on the part of the people, the massacre on the Boulevards, the brutal measures taken for compelling the acquiescence of the provinces, are all related with remarkable spirit and interest. Those who so violently abuse Mr. Kinglake for this chapter of his book do not, we believe, question its sub-

stantial truth; but only the propriety of its insertion in the present work.* His apology for it is in his theory, that, as "in France the gentlemen of the country resolved to stand aloof from the government and to do nothing which would make it inconsistent for them, as soon as it suited their policy, to take an opportunity of laying cruel hands on their new Emperor and his associates," the Emperor found himself forced to use the machinery of the government "as a means of safety for himself and his comrades." So that "after the 2d of December, 1851, the foreign policy of France was steadily used as a prop to prop the throne which Morny and his friends had built up.

We have left ourselves small space for noticing the second volume of this work, in which Mr. Kinglake narrates the early movements of the allied armies from Gallipoli to Varna, their inaction in camp during the siege of Silistria, their gradual and imperfect preparation for the expedition against the great fortress of Sebastopol, with the manner in which that enterprise had been determined upon by the home governments, the embarkation of the two armies, amid jarring counsels and the jealousies of commanders, their final landing on the shores of the Crimea, their progress towards Sebastopol, as far as the Alma, and the first great action on its banks.

Perhaps no battle was ever more minutely described than the battle of the Alma, in these pages. The account of it occupies nearly two thirds of the volume. Yet diffuse as it is in many portions, it is far from tiresome, even to a reader who has no national interest in the description. It is a story of astounding blunders on the part of the Allies, which failed of proving fatal to them only because the blunders of the Russians were yet more astounding. It is a story which bears to American readers, tired with wondering and complaining over the mistakes and inefficiency of their own generals, that sort

* The most damaging statement that we have seen is, that Mr. Kinglake cites without comment the vague estimate of one of the officers engaged in the massacre of December 4, who supposed that his regiment had slain about 2,400 persons,— appending the number of regiments engaged, from which the reader might estimate a slaughter of some 30,000, and taking no notice of the official report, which makes the actual number 191.

of consolation which a man self-convinced of stupidity always feels in discovering that his neighbor is as stupid as himself. The battle of the Alma furnishes, if Mr. Kinglake's account of it is to be received, a precedent for every blunder which has yet been committed during our civil war. Is it not almost incredible that an army composed of two separate and distinct portions, under two separate and equal commanders, should advance to the passage of a swift river and to the assault of strongly fortified heights beyond, absolutely without a concerted plan of attack? Marshal St. Arnaud visited Lord Raglan on the evening before the battle, with a proposal for such a plan; but Mr. Kinglake represents the English general as treating his colleague throughout the interview with the most contemptuous indifference, and refusing either to accept his plan or to suggest one of his own. Lord Raglan

"sat quiet, with governed features, restraining, or perhaps only postponing his smiles, listening graciously, assenting or not dissenting, putting forward no plan of his own, and, in short, eluding discussion. This method was perhaps instinctive with him, but in his intercourse with the French he followed it deliberately and upon system. Lord Raglan dealt as though he held it to be a clear gain to be able to avoid intrusting the Marshal with a knowledge of what our army would be likely to undertake."

When St. Arnaud left the hut of Lord Raglan, the only point in regard to the work of the morrow on which they had agreed was that Bosquet's division should march at five in the morning, and the remainder of the forces at seven. If, as Mr. Kinglake affirms, the French general mounted his horse "elate from the sense of that singular comfort which anxious men always derived from the mere power of Lord Raglan's presence," he must indeed have possessed not merely the characteristic French elasticity of spirits, but also a larger share of the Christian virtues of forgiveness and patience than Mr. Kinglake would probably allow him.

With such a council of war before the battle, we are not surprised to learn that the battle itself commenced by the Allies advancing to within easy range of the Russians, but separated from them by the river, and there lying passive for an hour and a half on a smooth, open slope, in full view of the Russian

artillerists, and under their vigorous and fatal fire. This was to give time for Bosquet's division to reach its chosen position on the extreme edge of the field of battle, where it remained till the close of the action, of no use to the rest of the army, and in imminent peril of being cut off. At the end of this long hour and a half, Lord Raglan "could not longer endure to see our soldiers lying down without resistance under the enemy's fire." He gave the order for the English to advance, and from that moment practically ceased to command. The English did advance. Regiment by regiment, each for itself, struggled across the river, landed in confusion on the opposite bank, remained there for some minutes, a helpless, disorganized crowd, on a strip of level shore thirty feet broad, under a steep acclivity, and subjected to a vigorous musketry fire from the enemy's skirmishers above, until, galled beyond further endurance, a single brigade, led by Codrington, scaled the steep bank, left its two flank regiments to encounter each a double battalion of Russian infantry, and without formation, almost without guidance, "an armed and warlike crowd," numbering, perhaps, two thousand men, advanced over a smooth slope as unprotected as the glacis of a fortification, to the storming of the Great Redoubt, the chief strength of the Russian position, with its twelve heavy guns, and supported by eighteen battalions of infantry and four field batteries. From this redoubt, thus strengthened by surrounding troops, the Russians ran away at full speed, dragging their guns with them, before the English "crowd" had cleared half the narrow space between the river and the fort. The English took quiet possession; but as nothing came to their support, (the division of Guards relied on for that service having halted on the river-bank, because, being household troops of superb appearance, it was considered doubtful if they ought to be exposed imprudently,) the brigade of Codrington was forced to fall back as soon as the Russians advanced again. Falling back in disorder down the slope, they met the Guards, who had finally overcome their doubts, and the two bodies came into violent collision. "The retreating crowd, by its sheer weight, broke through the left companies of the Scots Fusileer Guards and destroyed their formation. Thus the half of a sin-

gle disorganized brigade had taken the key of the Russian position, and had then, from lack of support, retreated in disorder with the loss of a quarter of its men."

The cause which had moved the Russians to run away from their stronghold with such unseemly alacrity is, however, the most surprising part of the whole story. It was, according to Mr. Kinglake, nothing more nor less than the "apparition of horsemen on a knoll in the midst of the Russian position." The horsemen consisted of Lord Raglan and his staff, including Mr. Kinglake himself, who, though not a member of the staff, was riding with it through the action. The knoll was "deep in the very heart of the Russian lines, and even somewhat near (as near as nine hundred yards) to the ground where Mentschikoff had posted his reserves." Furthermore, it was three hundred yards from the most formidable of the Russian field batteries, consisting of sixteen guns, which had taken this position at the commencement of the battle, and had inflicted heavy losses on the English lines during the long period of inaction. This was the point to which the English commander, "led by Fortune in her wild and puissant government of human events," had ridden,—a general sixty-six years old, and with the remembrance of long years of experience at the side of Wellington. "Fortune," says Mr. Kinglake, "still enamored of his boldness, was awaiting him with her radiant smile." Now we are at a loss which to wonder at most; the boldness of a commander-in-chief who leaves his army to take care of itself, and rides with his staff to a position where he stands in the centre of a triangle formed by the three great divisions of the Russian army, or the astounding effect which his "apparition" produces upon the enemy. Lord Raglan, it seems, was delighted with his position, but thought it might be improved by a cannon or two. Two small nine-pounders were accordingly brought up, no one opposing. With a few shots from these two field-pieces, Lord Raglan drove away in confusion, first, the causeway batteries of sixteen guns, and, secondly, the Russian reserves, nine hundred yards off, composed of seven battalions of infantry and two field batteries, with eight guns each. The account reads like the stories of Baron Munchausen, and would be simply incredi-

ble were it not that Mr. Kinglake was by the side of Lord Raglan on the knoll, and states what he saw with his own eyes.

After this there were some sharp encounters on the left of the field, between the close battalions of the Russians and the extended lines of the English, in which the steady pluck of the British troops and the superiority of "line over column" uniformly carried the day in the face of superior numbers. The retreat commenced. Here again the utter inefficiency of the Russians strikes us with renewed astonishment. They had eighty-six pieces of artillery, of which seventy-two were in organized field-batteries. Only two of the whole number had been captured. They had three thousand cavalry drawn up on the top of the slope on which the infantry engagement was in progress. Yet not only was neither of these great instruments of war employed to turn the swelling tide of English victory, but during the retreat no attempt was made to protect the brave battalions from the dreadful fire of the English artillery, or to stay the movement from degenerating into disorderly flight.

At the other extremity of the battle-field, where the French army was engaged, the fighting had, according to Mr. Kinglake, been confined mostly to artillery practice, the several divisions of the French army having been disposed in such order that, though they retained a considerable part of the Russian troops in that neighborhood, there was still no infantry engagement in that part of the field. Mr. Kinglake here, perhaps, does some injustice to the French generals, all of whom (with the exception of Bosquet) owed their position directly or indirectly to their relation to the Emperor in the days of December; but it still remains probable that the victory was essentially an English victory, and that the qualities of the French troops were not fully exhibited until later in the campaign.

We must say a word of the style in which this work is written. Mr. Kinglake is the first example we remember to have met of an author whose early style is more mature than his later. The language of *Eothen*, published when the author was a very young man, is remarkable for its strength, freshness, and freedom from the common sentimentalism of

Eastern travellers. The language of the present work, on the contrary, though still in many portions vigorous and picturesque, is constantly relapsing into passages which are absolutely ridiculous, and which would be ridiculous in the composition of a school-boy. We have no room for many examples, but we will mention his inflated allusions to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "the great Eltchi," as he loves to call him. He is never tired of talking of "the grand overhanging of his brow" and "the light that kindled beneath"; of "the thin disciplined lips," of his willingness to "make the elaborate world go back into chaos," rather than suffer St. Arnaud to command the Turkish troops. We venture to quote also, as characteristic of the kind of fine writing to which we refer, this description of the gallant Lacy Yea, when his regiment was about to engage a Russian battalion.

"What man could do, he did. His very shoulders so labored and strove with the might of his desire to form line, that the curt red shell-jacket he wore was as though it were a world too scant for the strength of the man and the passion that raged within him, but when he turned, his dark eyes yielded fire, and all the while from his deep-chiselled, merciless lips there pealed the thunder of imprecation and command;" — and much more to the same purpose. Strange that an Englishman past middle age, a barrister by profession, and a member of the House of Commons, should be capable of making a laughing-stock of a brave man by such a description!

But we must stop. Mr. Kinglake's two volumes end with the battle of the Alma on the 20th of September. He proposes to close the whole work with the death of Lord Raglan, which occurred in the following June, two months before the fall of Sebastopol. He will have use for all his courage if he is to tell the truth and the whole truth of the condition to which the English army was, during that period, reduced. And if he finally does describe that condition with the minute detail of the present volumes, he may prepare for a yet more savage denunciation from his English reviewers than he has yet met.

ART. VI.—THE COLENSO CONTROVERSY.

1. *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Part I. London. Oct. 4, 1862.
2. Part II. of the same. London. Jan. 24, 1863.
3. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary Point of View.* By the Right Rev. J. W. COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

If anybody should assert that the political constitution of England or France were such as to keep the English or French chemists blind as to chemistry, or the English or French geologists blind as to geology, it would be said that he asserted an absurdity or impossibility. We should be told that a political constitution, from the nature of the case, had nothing to do with physical science. Nay, we should be told that it could not control physical science if it would. We should probably hear that truth grows all the better for being trampled upon ; with some imaginary studies upon the botany of the camomile. For it has grown to be a thing taken for granted, that a discovery in physical science is instantly adopted all over the world as a part of the common property of the world. It was not three months after Daguerre announced his process, before the Waterbury mills were rolling out daguerrotype plates in Connecticut, the New Jersey manufacturers putting up tripoli to polish the plates, and Young America in general staining its fingers with iodine in repeating Daguerre's processes. It was not four weeks after ether was first administered in Boston for painless surgery, before the experiment was repeated in London, in Edinburgh, and in Paris,—before it ceased to be an experiment, and a new truth was recognized for surgery and for humanity.

But if from this statement regarding "physical science" we be obliged to drop the word "physical,"—if we have to speak of one of the moral sciences, and, in especial, of theological science,—the statement no longer holds good. A set of conclusions which have been substantiated by the theologians of

all countries but one, or by the great majority of them, including, as we shall try to show, the leaders of all great subdivisions of the Church, may be kept out of a single nation by a kind of quarantine, asserted and maintained by its government. It is, of course, to be expected that conviction regarding discoveries in physics shall be obtained more rapidly than conviction in discoveries in morals or in mental phenomena. "Seeing is believing," men say; or, in Latin,

"Segnus irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ per oculos," &c., &c.;

which means, as it would appear, that the irritation spoken of is more slow, as well as more blunt, in its operation. But, for all this slowness, such discoveries advance, and those who deal in them think they advance more surely because of their slowness. Yet this sure-footedness is not so steadfast but it may be hindered and completely thwarted. It seems that it is in the power of political authority to restrain a discovery in theology, and keep it outside the frontiers of a nation, by laws not unlike those by which men try to keep out plague or yellow-fever. The Colenso controversy, so called, has substantiated this very remarkable fact. It shows that, by a series of Articles framed more than two hundred years ago, the Crown, Lords, and Commons of England have kept back the studies of the twenty thousand professed theologians of England, so that their average opinions and convictions regarding the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament are what the average opinions of Christendom were two hundred years ago. It shows that inquiry or criticism, or any study which deserves the name of study, on the Scriptures of the Old Testament, has been kept in abeyance among the professed theologians of England, apparently on the impression that "the less a man knows, the better," about such things. One of the Bench of Bishops announces to his clergy that he is not a Hebrew scholar, in a tone which really amounts to thanking God for his ignorance.* Indeed, one is reminded of "Power" in the

* The Bishop of Exeter, "on account of his great age, had not read it, but concluded that great had been the mischief that had turned the very bottom of the heart of the Church."

story-book, who did thank God for his ignorance ; and the old retort is suggested, that, in that view, these clergy have a great deal to thank God for.

This revelation as to the state of study in England seems to us the important point in the “Colenso Controversy.” We have not seen that, among the half-hundred books and half-thousand pamphlets which it has called out, any new views as to the Pentateuch or the Book of Joshua have been elicited, which we need present at any length to our readers, or with any great care discuss. What is new in Bishop Colenso’s own suggestions of detail is perhaps curious, but it seems to us certainly trivial. The greater part of his suggestions are not new, as he himself says. They are household words to every intelligent Christian in America, in France, or in Germany. We believe we might add, they are the familiar speculations of all the enlightened men not bound by the strictest ties of the Church in Spain, in Italy, and in Russia. England is the only country in Christendom where, at this moment, the promulgation of these views could be welcomed with such a howl of indignation and surprise. Here in America, our own school of theologians, of course, claim no more verbal inspiration for the first six books in the Bible than for any other six. We claim no verbal inspiration for any. But it is not of our own school that we speak. The *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the organ of the Orthodox Congregationalists at Andover, after leading the reader through a bog of fatuity or misplaced erudition, comes out on the intimation that we may postpone, as if it were quite unimportant, the question whether the Pentateuch is or is not an *immaculate history*, — whether errors, trivial or serious, have been detected in it. The writer proceeds to urge that any such “errors,” which he virtually admits, bear only on the personal knowledge of the writer, not on his “*substantial accuracy*.”* These Andover gentlemen are used to believing in “substance of doctrine.” Professor Mahan, of the General Theological Seminary in New York, more frankly throws up his whole brief at the end of his argument.† He says, very truly, that

* *Bibliotheca Sacra*, 1863, p. 424.

† The *New Presbyterian Quarterly* agrees in our view of Dr. Mahan. “He gives up, as it seems to us, the whole field, and goes over to the adversary’s side.”

there is no greater difficulty about Moses's numbers than there is about Herodotus's. "The ancients knew nothing of statistics on any large scale; their histories, therefore, are *unreliable* on that point." And he includes Moses's among the rest. Here are two illustrations, from the most "orthodox points of view," of the breadth of opinion which, as we suppose, is nearly universal in America.

The American Quarterly Church Review, in a general plea for a Christianity of faith rather than one which admits criticism, seems to propose the same breadth of opinion. It alludes to but one of Colenso's difficulties,—that of spoiling the Egyptians,—to "deprecate, no less than Bishop Colenso, the overstrained attempts of Hengstenberg to make out a case from verbal criticism."^{*} The argument of the Review is, in general, that our business is with the moral of the story, and not with questionings on its details. The Methodist Quarterly, in a sharp and contemptuous review of the Bishop's book, still reserves the explanation of "clerical errors" in the text, "which cannot now be corrected, except conjecturally, inasmuch as the original sources of information have long since perished."[†] And even the new American Presbyterian and Theological Review, aiming, so far as we understand, to take the extremest ground possible, tells us that the "historical veracity of an author is to be tested, not by any rigid abstract 'literal' or grammatical sense of his words, but by his *probable meaning*, gathered by a fair and candid criticism from the text and context, interpreted according to the idioms of the author's language and his own peculiar habits of thought, style, and expression." It will be seen that even this guarded statement by no means satisfies the English requisitions for faith. Without further citations, we venture to say, that, with due allowance for the number of self-important pretenders who exist in every profession, we do not believe that in any section of the Church in America there is any divine, whose opinion has heretofore commanded respect, who would willingly sustain the extraordinary theses which English bishops have maintained in this controversy.

* American Quarterly Church Review (an Episcopal journal), April, 1863.

† Methodist Quarterly for April.

Our own readers may well be excused if they are ignorant of the extraordinary and exaggerated tone of those theses. The most condensed form in which we can state them is in the following advertisement by Dr. Baylee, alluded to in Bishop Colenso's second Preface as the head of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead. This College supplies one twentieth part of the candidates for the English Church ministry.

Dr. Baylee, on the 6th of April last, published the following challenge to Bishop Colenso in the *Times* : —

THE INFALLIBILITY OF GOD'S HOLY WORD.

To THE RIGHT REV. DR. COLENSO.

MY LORD : Having twice made public reference to me as maintaining untenable principles with regard to the Infallibility of God's Holy Word, I hope I shall not be looked upon as intruding myself upon public notice in inviting you to give me the opportunity of defending that teaching which you have thus publicly impugned.

I therefore beg to make the following proposals : —

1. I affirm that the Hebrew Old Testament and the Greek New Testament, as God gave them, are unitedly the whole and infallible written word of God ; that, as such, they do not contain, —

- I. One misapplied metaphor.
- II. One misstatement in science.
- III. One error in history.
- IV. One fault in moral teaching.
- V. One mistake in legislation.
- VI. One error in the use of human language.
- VII. One unworthy statement respecting the Divine Being.

2. That that holy volume is the only one which gives a true account of the original creation : it alone accounts for the geological changes of the crust of this earth ; it alone contains a true system of philosophy ; it alone contains a true system of theology.

3. As the head of a Church of England Theological College, I am prepared to maintain, —

That the Book of Common Prayer, including the occasional services and Thirty-nine Articles, contains nothing in it contrary, —

- I. To God's Word written.
- II. To true science.
- III. To true history and philosophy.

And consequently, that every well-instructed clergyman is able, with

Christian sincerity, to give his "unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

I beg to propose, therefore,—

1. That we should discuss those awfully important questions in the columns of some public journal.
2. That I shall give categorical answers to all questions put by you to me.
3. That you shall give categorical answers to all questions proposed by me to you.
4. That in other respects we be at liberty to write as we think best.
5. That we each have liberty to republish the correspondence, with any additional matter that we please.

I remain, your Lordship's faithful servant,

JOSEPH BAYLEE.

St. Aidan's, Good Friday, 1863.

It is evident that in this challenge the words "as God gave them" admit of a subterfuge through which an unprincipled man might escape when he was weary of defeat. But Dr. Baylee has no such intention. His own manual for his own College, on "Verbal Inspiration," makes the following statements:—

"Modern science, with all its wonderful advances, has discovered not one single inaccurate allusion to physical truth in all the countless illustrations employed in the Bible."

"The Bible cannot be less than verbally inspired. Every word, every syllable, every letter, is just what it would be had God spoken from heaven without any human intervention."

"Every scientific statement is infallibly accurate, and all its history and narrations of every kind are without any inaccuracy. The words and phrases have a grammatical and philological accuracy, such as is possessed by no human composition."

The Paladin who flings down that glove is too reckless a man to seek any subterfuge when the conflict comes. Yet this challenge is no more extraordinary than the position taken by the great majority of English writers. We venture to say, however, that it is a position which would be assumed by no theologian of established reputation in any other nation of the world.

To such a point has the political Constitution of England reduced the studies of English Churchmen. We confess our-

selves surprised at the discovery. We knew, of course, that any gentleman who had taken a Bachelor's degree in England could pass a bishop's examination and receive his license to preach by spending two or three months in reading Paley, and perhaps Clarke, and by showing that he could construe the New Testament, if in any sense, however "Pickwickian," he could profess a belief in the Thirty-nine Articles. We have never thought ill of a system so simple for the literary training for entrance into a profession which has work for the learned and the unlearned together. We knew, of course, that the Church of England, as an organization, prefers to dodge difficult subjects rather than to discuss them; that in standing by what is established, it preferred not to dig very deeply at the foundations of the Establishment. We knew that a man was, in old days, as apt to be made a bishop for writing a commentary on Horace as if he had written on St. John. But we had seen improvement here. It has been evident that the English government has adopted the policy of strengthening the Church by the preferment of such men as Alford, Blomfield, and Thirlwall, simply upon the supposition that they were learned in theology. And while we recognize, therefore, in common with all mankind, the ignorance of theology of many of the lower clergy of the English Church,—of some of whom we remember one of their distinguished brethren said they did not know the difference between Augustine of Hippo and Augustine of Kent,—we did suppose that the leaders of the clergy, their spiritual heads, their teachers and consecrators, generally knew what had been the results—what a year ago we should have called the definite results—of the criticism of the last century upon the Pentateuch.

The Colenso Controversy shows that in general they knew no such thing.

We have no reason to charge them with insincerity. Their position and personal character alike defend them against any such charge. Their language and zeal alike in this controversy show that they have been kept ignorant, very thoroughly ignorant, of the subject at issue. The handful of illustrations which Bishop Colenso presents, where he might have presented thousands, are painfully and sedulously discussed, as if the

whole case were wrapped up in them. Everything in the controversy shows to us, that to the great majority of the English clergy, of the higher orders as well as of the lower, the discovery that the Pentateuch is self-contradictory, or that any statement in it is untenable, is not simply painful, but a surprise.

The most of the leaders of the Church of England did not know that modern criticism had completely set aside the literal and numerical accuracy of parts of the Old Testament.

In the very structure of the system of the Church to which they belonged, its clergy were prohibited from knowing this. It commanded ignorance. It gave its rewards to ignorance. "The less a man knew, the better."

But it happened, in the gracious work of the Holy Spirit, that the truth which was walled out of the Church by the bastions of her Articles sprung up full-armed from dragon's teeth which that spirit had planted within. However successful the quarantine against German criticism or Hebrew scholarship, truth proved to be not only epidemic, but sporadic. Within the body of the clergy there appeared intimations of restlessness, and even while their superiors were asking how they could prune such shoots off from the vine so that it should bleed the least, a bishop appeared, whose especial business in his younger days had been to show that two and two make four, and who chose to hold to that conviction even when the letter of the Pentateuch was against him. Now "once a bishop, always a bishop." You can unfrock a priest, but you cannot unmitre a bishop. You can turn out a contumacious Dr. Temple. But when the Episcopal unction has once descended on a Colenso's head, you cannot draw it back into the ampulla. We learned this when we had an Onderdonk. England learned it as long ago as the days of the homicide sportsman Abbot. Bishop Colenso had studied, in his diocese of Natal, the curious Tulu language, with great assiduity. Our American mission was at work on the translation of the New Testament. For his part the Bishop took the Old. An intelligent native convert assisted him. It was this process of restating in another language the declarations of

the Pentateuch, which first startled him from that convenient position, which till then satisfied him, of "a willing acquiescence in the general truth of the narrative, whatever difficulties might still hang about particular parts of it." He thus tells the story of his experience :—

"Here, however, amidst my work in this land, I have been brought face to face with the very questions which I then put by. While translating the story of the flood, I have had a simple-minded, but intelligent native,—one with the docility of a child, but the reasoning powers of mature age,—look up and ask, 'Is all that true? Do you really believe that all this happened thus,—that the beasts and birds and creeping things upon the earth, large and small, from hot countries and cold, came thus by pairs, and entered into the ark with Noah? And did Noah gather food for them *all*, for the beasts and birds of prey, as well as for the rest?' My heart answered in the words of the Prophet, 'Shall a man speak lies in the name of the Lord?' Zech. xiii. 3. I dared not do so. My own knowledge of some branches of science, of Geology in particular, had been much increased since I left England; and I now knew for certain, on geological grounds, a fact of which I had only misgivings before, viz. that a universal deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis, not to mention other difficulties which the story contains. Knowing this, I felt that I dared not, as a servant of the God of Truth, urge my brother man to believe that which I did not myself believe, which I knew to be untrue as matter-of-fact historical narrative. I gave him, however, such a reply as satisfied him for the time, without throwing any discredit upon the general veracity of the Bible history."

Nothing but the grossest bigotry can ridicule this story, or give it the construction which our readers may have seen,—which calls it the conversion by a heathen of a Christian bishop. The little story sufficiently, though simply, illustrates the fact that the Bishop was compelled to face those difficult questions regarding the Pentateuch which, as the general course of the controversy shows, nineteen twentieths of his brethren feel a right to evade. It was his appointed business to translate the Pentateuch into this Tulu language. He could not satisfy himself, therefore, with the convenient assumption that somebody in the Church somewhere understood all about it, and could prove that it was all right;

that this was not his part of the field ; that he need not meddle with these scepticisms, but might do his duty elsewhere. His precise business was to deal with the Pentateuch. And if he found it saying that all the beasts, birds, and insects of the world could live together in Noah's ark, or if he found it saying that in four generations seventy persons could increase by natural descent to three millions, he had to judge what he was to do with such statements in translating them for the use of a tribe scarcely established in any form of Christianity. It will be observed, that for this decision of his it was a matter of no consequence whether the errors of statement were what his critics call " trivial," or " personal," or " non-substantial," or not. Was he to put into the Tulu language an *untrue* statement,—a statement which he knew to be untrue. You may account for the want of truth with all the ingenuity of the commentators. You may say the text is corrupt, or the passage has been added. The Bishop's question remains the same. " Shall I publish to this people, as the word of God, a statement which I know is not the word of God." To persons trained in our habits of thought, it is wonderful that, in this position, the Bishop, instead of ridicule and contempt, has not met with the most tender sympathy from all Christian men.

What was he to do ? He did the duty next his hand. He sent to England for the best books on the criticism of the Pentateuch, and went gallantly to work upon them. Everything in his position tended to make him a fair inquirer. As he worked, the inconsistencies between different parts of the narrative, long since regarded, out of England, as the work of different hands in different ages, presented themselves to him. The mathematical habit of his own mind led him to examine with particular curiosity the difficulties connected with what we may call the statistics of the history. He does not seem to have made any unseemly haste in announcing the convictions which were thus forced upon him. But on his first return from South Africa to England, he published the volume which we have named first among these works of his, containing in twenty-two chapters about as many statements of difficulties, not to say impossibilities, found in such study of the first five books of the Bible.

It is not our intention here to go into the consideration of these chapters. As we have intimated, the discussion of their substance is behind the times in America, perhaps in every section of the Church. Our purpose, on the other hand, is to state what is the real nucleus of this controversy which rages around these books,—and, if we can, to keep attention fixed upon that,—and upon none of the clouds of the surrounding nebula. With a very perfect knowledge of the habit of mind of his countrymen,—with a knowledge of their reverence for fact and arithmetic wholly surmounting their respect for abstract truth or moral certainty,—the Bishop had selected mathematical propositions for most of the instances where he demonstrated the inaccuracy of the detail of the Pentateuch. He was wise in his selection. The Englishman, who will believe that God in his own person dictated from the clouds above Sinai those audible words in the Hebrew language which mean in English, “For a ram, thou shalt prepare for a meat-offering two tenth deals of flour, mingled with the third part of a hin of oil,” cannot be made to believe that sixteen times seventy is three million.* Bishop Colenso stated his mathematical points, therefore,—he demonstrated by arithmetic the impossibility of the literal truth of the figures found in the Pentateuch. He was not mistaken in his opinion as to his countrymen. The book, coming fresh on the more generous and general suggestions of the “Essays and Reviews” touched the heart, the conscience, and the intellect of this England, which plumes herself on being the Boeotia of the modern world, as nothing in the “Essays and Reviews” had done. The Englishman is a little fond of ridiculing theory. “Give me a fact,” he says. He laughs at speculation, except on the

* We have thus stated the problem of the increase of the emigrants from Palestine, supposing that we were doing precise justice to its severest requisitions. We know of no theory of propagation on which four generations of men of all ages, in large numbers, could be supposed to multiply more rapidly than sixteen-fold. We were not prepared for the coolness with which the American Presbyterian Quarterly makes them double every fifteen years. The 36,000 English settlers of New England, with what we had supposed the greatest advantages for rapid growth, have multiplied two hundred fold since their emigration stopped in 1636. This Reviewer supposes the Israelites to have multiplied three thousand six hundred and forty-three fold in less time!

exchange. "What are the figures?" he says. And Colenso gave him facts and figures in his first volume, and enough of them. Let it be remembered, also, that the extravagant postulates which he attacked were so unguarded, that, by one demonstration of a failure in the figures of the narrative, he would have destroyed it as completely as if he had shown ten thousand. But he never avails himself of his right to assail an unimportant incident of the narrative. A fair instance of his criticism is in the chapters where he states the difficulties with regard to the number of the Israelites at the time of the Exodus. "In the fourth generation they shall come hither again," is the specific statement of Genesis xv. 16. The genealogies repeat it. Moses is represented as being the fourth generation from Levi; Levi, Kohath, Amram, Moses, are the successive names. Yet the literal statement is also that Jacob and his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who went with him into Egypt, were only seventy souls. The statement as literal, of the Exodus, is, that, under Moses, they marched out of Egypt, having increased to six hundred thousand fighting men,—besides women and children; that is to say, on the accustomed proportion, a population of three million souls. It is such figures as these which Bishop Colenso presents to a nation fond of facts. The reader will observe that all the accounting for their inconsistency does not in the least help the case of those against whom he argues, who are maintaining that the Bible "does not contain one error in the use of human language." It may be perfectly possible to derive from such statements a consistent or true history of the Exodus. But the Englishman sees that these statements, as they stand, are not a consistent or true history of the Exodus. One disputant says, that more than seventy descendants of Jacob went with him; another says, there were more than four generations before they returned; and another, that there were not then six hundred thousand fighting men. Probably all of these conjectures are true. But so far from being answers to Bishop Colenso, they are simply contributions to his argument. The fact-loving Englishman sees that they are. Each of them is a confession that the literal statement is not true.

In this position of the controversy, another wing of those who reply to him—comprising those whom we may distinguish as the literary rather than the theological disputants—take another horn of the dilemma, and say they never thought the record was literally true. They say the Bishop's criticisms are old. They say men of science have long since turned to these ancient books for their religious lessons only, but have not pretended to scientific accuracy in them. In this statement, which, as we believe, is perfectly well founded, they reveal the essential point of the controversy, which lifts it entirely above any mere personal discussion. Bishop Colenso replies thus to this line of suggestion :—

" I assert, however, without fear of contradiction, that there are multitudes now of the more intelligent clergy who do not believe in the reality of the Noachian Deluge, as described in the Book of Genesis. Yet did ever a layman hear his clergyman speak out distinctly what he thought, and say plainly from the pulpit what he himself believed, and what he would have them to believe on this point ? Did ever a *doctor* or *bishop* of the Church do this,—at least at the present day ? I doubt not that some cases may be found, where such plainness of speech has been exercised by the clergy. But I appeal to the laity, generally, with confidence. Have you ever heard your minister—able, earnest, excellent as you know him to be — tell out plainly to his people the truth which he knows himself about these things ? Or if not to the congregation at large,—for fear lest the ignorant and unlearned should ‘wrest it to their own destruction,’—has he ever told these things to you in private, to you, men and women of education and intelligence,—parents of families, teachers of youth,—and so helped you to lay wisely from the first, in the minds of your children and pupils,—in order to meet the necessities of this age of advancing science and free inquiry, when the middle-class, as well as the civil-service, examinations are encouraging the study of geology and other sciences,—the foundation of a right understanding in respect of these matters ? As before, I doubt not that here also exceptions may be found to the general rule. But is not the case notoriously otherwise in the vast majority of instances ? Have not your clergy *kept back* from you their thoughts hitherto, not only about the deluge, but about a multitude of other matters, such as those treated of in Part I. of this book, which yet, as my adverse reviewers say almost with one voice, have been all along perfectly familiar to all respectable students of theology ? ”

The theological replies to Bishop Colenso, and what we have called the literary replies, have thus only piled up evidences — of a character to arrest the attention of all England — to the great central proposition contained in his Prefaces. This proposition is, that practically the Church of England has one creed for its clergy and another creed for its laity. All intelligent men among its laity may and do form their opinions in theology, as if theology, like other sciences, were an advancing science. Its clergy are the only men whom the Church forbids to do so. Its clergy must be bound by the Articles, and must use the Prayer-Book. If the whole twenty thousand of them followed the venerable example of the Non-conformists to-morrow, and abandoned their relations with her, still the Church must bribe, flatter, or seduce twenty thousand meaner men and more ignorant to take their places. But her laity all the while may innocently disbelieve, and do disbelieve, the very points about which the consciences of the clergy are tender, if the clergy know anything about them. The decision of the Court of Arches in this matter sounds to us like the sneer of Mephistopheles. It tells the clergy that they too may believe what the laity may believe, — only they must not proclaim their belief from the pulpit. There are those who say that the clergy have not needed this advice. But it is too gross a charge upon a body of Christian ministers, to assert that they hold the truth in the unrighteousness which dares not expound it to those for whose religious culture they have sworn to labor their lives through.

It is to this gross limitation of the right of inquiry of the English clergy that Bishop Colenso addresses himself. He makes his appeal to the laymen rather than to his brethren. From the nature of the case, his brethren are powerless. Their hands are tied and their lips are sealed. But the laity may inquire, may count and add and multiply, may think, may believe. It is to them that Bishop Colenso appeals.

"I appeal to the English laity to look to their own religious liberties, and the interests of the truth, and to set on foot such measures as may seem best, for obtaining, through the action of Parliament, on whose decisions the system of our national Church depends, such relief for the consciences of the clergy as shall give room for the free utterance of

God's truth in the congregation, instead of the worn-out formulæ of a bygone age. Can we not trust God's truth to take care of itself in the world? Must we seek, in our ignorant, feeble way, to prop it up by legal enactments, and fence it round by a system of fines and forfeitures and church anathemas, lest the rude step of some free inquirer should approach too near, and do some fatal injury to the eternal truth of God? *Have we no faith in God, the living God?* And do we not believe that he himself is willing, and surely able as willing, to protect his own honor, and to keep in safety the souls of his children, and amidst the conflict of opinion that will ever be waged in this world in the search after truth,— which may be vehement, but need not be uncharitable,— to maintain in each humble, prayerful heart the essential substance of that truth which maketh wise unto salvation?"

This touching appeal has its effect for all but theological controversialists, who are, indeed, always the most case-hardened of men. Dr. Stanley, with courage, intelligence, and promptness worthy of himself and of his great teacher, has boldly proposed the exemption of the clergy from all subscriptions whatever. Lord Ebury, on the night of the 19th of May, pressed to a second reading in the House of Lords his bill for relieving clergymen from the necessity of declaring their agreement to the Articles, and to everything that was in the Prayer-Book. In the debate which followed, the new Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledged that the number of declarations might be simplified, but he and the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce) and the Bishop of Cashel (Dr. Daly) opposed the innovation. The Bishop of London (Dr. Tait) and the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Olivant) supported it; and it was defeated by a vote of only ninety to fifty,— eleven bishops voting against it,— and four for it, Drs. Higgin, Olivant, Tait, and Thirlwall. The strength of the vote for Lord Ebury's proposal is most gratifying. If only the clergy themselves had joined heartily in the effort to throw off the chains of their order!

The very next day, in answer to a petition from the Lower House of Convocation, the bishops had voted
"that Colenso's book involves errors of the most dangerous character, subversive of faith in the Bible as the Word of God; that this House, having reason to believe that the book in question will shortly be submitted to the judgment of an ecclesiastical court, declines to take far-

ther action in the matter, but that we affectionately warn those who may not be able to read the published and convincing answers to the work which have already appeared, of its dangerous character."

Dr. Thirlwall was the only person who voted against the first of these resolutions.

We should not venture to state the number of authors and of pamphleteers who have flung themselves into this controversy. As we have said, there is no reason why we should analyze their writings. If the Pentateuch and Joshua are not to be understood as the conscientious, single-minded reader understands them,—if they require these tons of elucidation to be heaped upon them, when, in a book as big as a man's hand, a single writer points out their internal contradictions,—it is evident to the single eye and the simple mind that they have not the severe, single simplicity which belongs to every Word of God. The replies to Colenso all of them substantiate his argument.

It was at first supposed that, in a system so elaborate as that of the English Church, he would incur ecclesiastical censure and degradation. Censure he did incur, but it was informal. Most of the archbishops and bishops in England affectionately invited him to give up his see. But this was an informal request, and he affectionately declined. It was then announced, on authority, that he was answerable only to his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Capetown. We understand, on private authority, that this gentleman, Dr. Robert Gray, is himself so much inclined to critical study and independent theology, that he will not probably exercise any uncomfortable restraints upon his friend and fellow-laborer of Natal. If our information is correct, the spectacle is renewed which the world saw when Winthrop was moved from England to New England, when Wellesley was transplanted to India, Mackintosh to Bombay, and Macaulay to Bengal,—the exhibition of the truth, that, to make the best of the splendid material there is in the native Islander of Britain, you must carry him for his training to a wider sphere than that at home, and let him hear the surging of the ocean-tempests, as well as the chimes of the Bow Bells. As late as the 20th of May, however, the Bishop of London, who ought to be well informed, said in

Convocation that he believed the Bishop of Capetown had commenced judicial proceedings against Bishop Colenso, or "was about to do so." Whether any appeal lies from the metropolitan of Capetown to the metropolitan of Canterbury seems doubtful, but the Convocation assumed that there is such an appeal. For ourselves, we hope that, with a friendly metropolitan, proceedings may *commence* of that character which never end.

The effort to establish one creed for the clergy and another for the laity has an interest for us on this side of the water, in what we see of the smaller-scale troubles of that Protestant Episcopal Church in America which studies to keep close its relations with the National Church of England. *Parva componere magnis*, this organization is vexed by the same evil which is convulsing the bishops, priests, clergy, and laity of England. She admits any and all worshippers to her pews. Assent in the Apostles' Creed, at the outside in the Nicene Creed, is all that is expected of them, more than is demanded of them. She reinforces her people, therefore, by gathering in all who are fond of liturgical service, and who seek in their church attendance the minimum of preaching. But if any religious man among these communicants wishes to preach the word, he finds there is one creed for the pews, and another for the pulpit. The minister must assent to the Thirty-nine Articles. Those insignificant pages of the Prayer-Book, whose existence seems unknown to most worshippers in the Episcopal Church,* start at once into an awful importance to him. He is obliged to believe what he has never heard preached, what he is never expected to preach. The story is told of a devout, pure, noble man who was offered, not long since, to an American bishop as a candidate for ordination. He was asked if he believed the Articles. He replied that he was willing to assent to all but the fourth;† that, regarding this, he sup-

* They were accidentally omitted in one of the latest Oxford editions, published by authority. What a relief all round if the accident could be made perpetual!

† "Art. IV. Christ did truly rise again from the dead, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature; wherewith he ascended to heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last day."

posed that our Lord's resurrection and ascension were real, and not phantasmal ; but that he had no reason to believe that the veritable physical bones and flesh of Nazareth and Jerusalem are now the Saviour's body in heaven, and none to suppose that he is now sitting waiting for duty which is yet to come to him. The story says that the bishop declined to ordain such a heretic ; that the next year the poor young man appeared again, and now *believed* the whole, and was ordained. We do not vouch for the truth of the story. It may be a parable. But it expresses the gross and wretched reality that every candidate for episcopal ordination is driven up to the misery of affecting an interest in subjects never preached on from the pulpit, and professing opinions shared in by no mortal whom he addresses.

It is the uneasy consciousness that there is this radical diversity in the creed of the clergy and the laity of the Episcopal Church, which deprives that Church of all influence, even a hair's weight, in the life and movement of America.

ART. VII.—ART AND ARTISTS OF AMERICA.

Catalogue of the Thirty-Eighth Exhibition of the National Academy of Design. New York. 1863.

AT no previous period has there been such rapid progress towards the development of what we may be permitted to term an American school of painting, as at present. In the general intellectual and material activity growing out of our necessities as a nation art has shared, much to its advantage. But, before investigating its present condition, it will be useful to refer to our earlier artists, in order to see what foundation they laid for American art, and how they compare with their successors of to-day.

West, Copley, and Leslie were American only by birth. Their training and success were wholly due to England, so that, as regards art, we have no right to claim them. Sully, Trumbull, Mount, and Peale acquired their reputation chiefly

among us, although their style was formed after English examples. They can be considered only as a respectable branch of the elder art of our mother land. Even now, American artists of some repute, of whom Cropsey and Kellogg are examples, find their chief encouragement in London, a city in which few Americans can long live without sinking, in large degree, their national characteristics under the weighty pressure of English character. England tends rather to absorb such of our artists as look to her for culture into her own schools, than to strengthen their original power or aid the special development of a distinct style. Allston instinctively felt this, and, resisting the temptations of noble patrons and the persuasions of his friend Leslie, he preferred the uncertainties of America, with its uncongenial art-atmosphere, to being absorbed into the intellectual life of a foreign land. Stuart and Vanderlyn and Allston may be classed as the first American artists whose manner tended to form an independent school. With the first two, indeed, this is true only in a qualified degree. The *Ariadne* of Vanderlyn, in the Historical Society's gallery at New York, is, in feeling, of the French classical school, although the artist has imparted to it a purity of idea, and a breadth, delicacy, and truthfulness of treatment, devoid of affectation or mannerism, peculiarly his own. It still remains in America unequalled by any other attempt at representing the nude female figure, notwithstanding age has not dealt over-gently with its surface-tints.

Stuart's style betrays English influences, but his heads possess a vitality derived solely from his own perceptions as an artist. Looking beyond the mere externals of form and features into the souls of his sitters, he was successful in portraying the actual outlook of their countenances as immortal men and women, after a manner in which he has had no rival in America, and few in Europe, since his time. Indeed, so strongly is this subtle seizure of the internal elements of our being characterized in some of his portraits, that they almost approach our notions of disembodied spirits; and even when the play of emotions in eye or lip is more after the natural man, by his purity and delicacy of tint and touch, combined with ease and breadth of general treatment, he makes it evi-

dent that he always aimed at rendering the highest qualities of those who sat to him. Add to this rare merit his grace and refinement, and it is easy to account for the constantly increasing estimation bestowed upon his portraits by cultivated people.

Trumbull painted more solidly than Stuart ; but his portraits show a correspondingly careful study of the character of his sitters. They excel as historical portraits, giving prominent mental characteristics and an accurate delineation of costume subordinated to its proper position in portraiture. His historical paintings are graphic, well-balanced compositions, with spirited action and an elevated conception of his themes. Devoid of exaggeration, truthful as narratives, national in motives, painting gentlemen as *gentlemen*, with the harmony and repose belonging to high conceptions of art, the first specimens of our historical art still maintain their position as the best our school has produced.

Until very recently the reputation of Allston had seemed to us chiefly the result of local friendship, or a Boston notion ; but the favor of viewing some of his best works in private possession has given us not only a truer conception of the greatness of Washington Allston, but added a white day to the scant list which America has to offer in way of æsthetic enjoyment. We do not mean to assert that Allston is so absolutely a great master by the quantity and variety of the work he has done, as by showing in what he did do the qualities of execution and imagination which make the great master, and which failed only in perfect and large consummation in him, because he was born out of his proper age and country. His right companions were Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Paolo Veronese, and, above all, Michel Angelo. And yet not wholly out of his age and country, for, although as yet comparatively fameless and unappreciated, there is revealed in his works the entire promise of an American school of art.

The true artist shows himself more completely by his pencil than the author by his pen. Color, like music, is nearer akin to the blood than to the brain ; and the feelings and sentiments which the painter embodies on his canvas are necessarily attempered by his own heart-beats. This is emphatically true of Allston, in which respect he shows his relationship

to those great brethren of his art whose works were example and instruction to him. Although a close student and even copyist of the old masters, like them he was neither plagiarist nor mere imitator. Real greatness promptly recognizes its affinities, for the language of genius knows no boundaries of time or space. Allston studied the old masters to learn their methods, analyze their styles, but chiefly to appreciate their spirit. He was entirely devoid of that silly conceit and presumption which thinks there is nothing to be learned from the past, but went instinctively, and, as his works show, with benefit, to drink from the great fountain-heads of art. We recognize in his pictures in private possession in Boston the separate and commingled influences of those old masters to whom he was particularly drawn. Yet, in each, the old spirit is recast in a new form, and manifested as an original conception. Perhaps in some of his earlier landscapes after the manner of Claude he is less original and distinctive than in any other of his paintings. But even in this respect he simply translated Claude as did Wilson, Cozzens, and Turner, when they first came under his bewitching influence in the infancy of modern landscape art. Allston was too comprehensive an artist to confine himself to landscape. Like Titian he used it as an accessory or an interpreter of a deeper meaning, rather than in a merely objective sense, to display his technical mastery of form and color. His idealism interpenetrated and controlled his realism,—vitalized it, as it were, with the fire of a living soul. The range of his mind was at once wide and lofty. While his sympathies, directed by a refined taste, went forth spontaneously towards everything lovable and beautiful of the earth, his intellect prompted him to the great and poetical in historical or imaginative compositions, and his deep religious feeling inspired his genius with lofty conceptions of the supernatural. To him alone of American painters can we apply the term *genius*, as it is spoken of the chief of the old masters. And with Allston, genius was harmoniously wedded to talent. The thoroughness and completeness of his finished work, as indicated in his unfinished, is analogous to the refinement, solidity, and breadth of his mind. In execution he was as much a "master" as in his

conceptions. None of our artists is more forcible in design, realistic and powerful in anatomical expression, broad and free in touch, masterly in the sweep of his brush, better in management of drapery, his equal in causing color to correspond with and express sentiment, or possesses a nicer sense of its harmonies. Perfect work was ever his aim, equally in the smallest detail as in the grand whole. There is no taint of artifice or trickery in him. He despised falsehood as strongly in painting as in speech. The best maxims of art guided his ideas of composition. In grouping he was dramatically vigorous, rivalling Raphael, not in grace but in effective narration and varied action. His figures *do* what he means they shall do. The forcible sweep of his pencil is apparent to every one. But look deeper, and perceive the intensity of the individual emotions he calls into being, their harmony with his main motive, the quality of his ambition, his abnegation of self in subject, and the depth of his artistic repose,—a repose that suggests a fund of latent strength. In no other respect is a great master more apparent than in his reserved power.

We have only to refer to the works of Allston, Vanderlyn, Stuart, and Trumbull, to show that the American school began under a lofty inspiration, and based its claims to success upon the highest efforts of portraiture, historical and imaginative art, without evincing any taste or desire for common or *genre* subjects, or even landscape. A loftier beginning in feeling, or indeed a more fruitful one in execution, considering the limited number of artists and the inauspicious condition of our country, few other schools, if any, can exhibit. It remains for us to trace the results in our present art, and to see if it has been worthy of its parentage. Between the fathers of our school and the living artists there seems to be so wide a gulf that we scarcely know how to connect them in one nationality. And yet the difference perhaps is not greater between the motive and aims of our earliest artists and their successors, than between the statesmen of that day and the politicians of this. The materialism which overtook art has likewise infected our entire body politic. But as we have only to do with art, we must trace its influence on that only. Art, so far as it is worthy to be named in history, is a mere blank in ours in the

brief interval between the men we have named and those who now sustain our reputation. Its revival began under foreign influence. Düsseldorf, in the persons of Leutze, Lang, Edwin White, and others of more or less repute, naturalized itself in America. Its influence has been salutary in two respects. The attention of the people generally has been awakened by exhibitions of the best works of that school to a renewed interest in painting because of its dramatic effects and easily understood motives, while its academic qualities have incited our young artists to more careful study of the science of art. For a time it wholly swayed public taste, and does now the common mind. The quality of art that makes Forrest popular as an actor, makes Leutze equally so as a painter. But Düsseldorf has done us all the good of which it is capable, and is rapidly yielding its position as a teacher to the more varied motives and higher qualities of the French and Belgian schools, which are now exerting a beneficial influence on our artists and amateurs. If to them could be added the finest examples of the English school, we should possess the advantage of comparing at home our indigenous art with the best modern work of foreign nations. Our art is at disadvantage, owing to its comparative isolation from international competition and instruction. We have no fears of its ever becoming a servile imitator, for by nature it possesses the virtue of an active ambition, based upon our mixed characteristics as a heterogeneous people. But of late, beyond some ambitious failures or partial successes, we have done nothing to be classed under the head of historical art. Congress and other public bodies have from time to time bestowed sufficient pecuniary encouragement to have produced work worthy of the nation, had it not treated art on the political system of contract or job, instead of opening up its aesthetic wants to a public concurrence of all artists, as is done abroad. While this system is adhered to, our public buildings and their ornamentation will continue to be the failures they have ever been, and no grander efforts than easel-work mark progress in painting. Besides the public misdirection of art-patronage, there is a lamentable want of noble effort among artists themselves. The war of equal liberty for the human race, which we are waging, has thus far failed in

painting to elicit any elaborate original compositions, although suggestions for such have been made from time to time in our illustrated journals, showing that there is employed in them a latent talent for inventive design, of a high order, not perceptible among our painters. Hunt's Drummer-Boy and Bugle-Call are spirited single ideas, whose popularity sufficiently attests the desire of the people to have its art illustrate the national mind and feeling. But there can be no elaborate composition without figure-painting, and this only exists on sufferance. Indeed, our artists have few means of acquiring skill in this line. The sympathy of the public goes almost exclusively to the landscape, or does not rise above *genre* topics. Portraiture is an exception to this want of popularity, because governed by domestic affections. But its condition is low. Ames and Gray excel as colorists, Elliot, Healey, and a few others render character forcibly. Huntington is refined and dignified, but the usual specimens of heads seen at our exhibitions are below criticism. The attempts at a religious art are even fewer and feebler than the historical, but occasionally we perceive a spiritual significance or an elevated and intelligible conception of the supernatural, as in Thompson, indicative of a struggling faith and cunning effort in this highest direction of art, which is full of hope for the future.

Genre painting is rapidly rising into favor, because of the cleverness of many young artists and the intelligibility of its motives. He that looks may understand. The basis of its success is clever imitation and a graphic bringing together of the common elements of life in their more materialistic sense. As the skill of the artists increases in this direction, it will attract the popular taste more and more from its too exclusive partiality for landscape. When it takes the range of domestic affections, or the social sentiments, as illustrated by the followers of Frère, it is worthy of a high place in our esteem. But our Wilkies, Teniers, Frères, and Merles are yet to appear. In an artist from the West, Beard by name, we have an original and clever hand, and a humorist of the first water. His specialty is to infuse into his animal compositions, which are given with great spirit, human fancies, whims, and ideas. Anything more ludicrously clever and original in its way we

have never seen than his "Jealous Rabbits and Grimalkin's Dream." He paints animals as if he loved them, and believed in their possessing souls. Tait paints birds, too, with a naturalist's eye to their instincts and habits, and a freshness of execution that greatly commends him in this department.

The field in which American painting may be said to have acquired any distinctive success is the landscape. In this direction its late progress is rapid and noteworthy, Cole being our first "master." Influenced in his early style by Claude, he soon emancipated himself from any servility of manner, and manifested original thought and capacity, especially in his compositions which were idealistic and poetical, inclined to allegory, but adhering to the landscape as the basis of his conception and imbuing it with human or mythical associations. It will be perceived from his example that the American landscape school, like that of the human figure, began its career in the highest motives. Progress in this direction, however, requires imaginative power of high order, and Cole left no successors. His coloring was crude, cold, and inharmonious, inclining to extremes of paleness and darkness, although he manifested an appreciation of the subtle gradations of light of the Italian masters. Cole exercises little influence on the public or artistic mind, because of his abstract intellectuality. But as art itself advances in America, his reputation will steadily increase, not so much for what he actually accomplished as for being the pioneer of landscape art in its nobler direction, with a full appreciation of its loftiest significance.

The American landscape school is now developing itself almost entirely in the direction of simple naturalism. By this term we mean the imitation of the forms and phenomena of nature as they appear to the eye, regardless of any higher meaning. To such an extent is this dry literalness carried by the majority of our painters, that their works are quite divested of human associations. Like the Ancient Mariner's "painted ship upon a painted ocean," they both pall and appall the senses. Their barrenness of thought and feeling became inexpressibly wearisome after the first shock of rude or bewildering surprise at overstrained atmospherical effects, monotonous in motive, however dramatically varied in execution. The high-

est aim of the greater number of our landscapists evidently is intense gradations of skies, or violent contrasts of color. We are undergoing a virulent epidemic of sunsets. Despite that one of our transcendental painters says that there can be no great work without the three fundamental qualities of "rest, repose, and tranquillity," our bias is rather in the opposite direction of exaggerated effects or action. He could also have truthfully added, in accordance with his scale of definition, that three other qualities are now in vogue, "bigness, greatness, largeness," culminating in what we may term "full-length" landscapes. Added to these foibles are superficial, slipshod work, endless repetition, impatient execution, and a disposition of self-exaggeration, arising from want of competitive comparison with better instructed artists. Large numbers of our pictures seem to be painted for the purpose of conspicuously displaying the painter's autograph. We have seen a portrait even, in which the first thing to catch the eyes is the artist's name; just as our architecture seems made to accommodate shop-signs.

Having exposed the weak parts of our landscapists, we rejoice in being able to announce their successes. Church leads the way, or misleads, according as the taste of the spectator prefers the idealistic or materialistic plane of art. Certain it is that Church has achieved a great popular success in his tropical American scenery, icebergs, and Niagaras; success which brings him orders for pictures as fast as he can produce them, at from five thousand to ten thousand dollars each. Dr. Johnson says he who writes otherwise than for money is a fool. For "writes" read "paints," and we get a primary motive-power for any school of artists. Not that true artistic ambition does not here exist, but a sudden success, like that of Church, measured by pecuniary gain and sensational effect, is not the most wholesome stimulant for a youthful art.

Church has carried success in his particular vein to a very high point. No one may be expected to excel his wonderful memory of details, his vivid sense of color, his quick, sparkling touch and iridescent effects, his dexterous manipulations, his magical jugglery of tint and composition, picturesque arrangements of material facts and cleverness of imitation.

He fascinates and bewilders. With him color is an Arabian night's entertainment, a pyrotechnic display, brilliantly enchanting on a first view, but leaving no permanent satisfaction to the mind, as all things fail to do which delight more in astonishing than instructing. Church's pictures have no reserved power of suggestion either for thought or imagination, but expend their entire force in *coup de main* effects. Hence it is that his spectators are so loud in their exclamations of delight. Felicitous and novel in composition, lively in details, experimental, reflecting in his pictures many of the psychological qualities of the American mind, notwithstanding their artificial character, Church will always remain popular as an artist among large classes of spectators.

The rival of Church in popular favor is Bierstadt, who has selected the Rocky Mountains and Western Prairies for his artistic field. Both these men are as laborious as they are ambitious, regarding neither personal exposure nor expense in their distant fields of study. Each composes his pictures from actual sketches, with a desire to render in good faith the general truths and spirit of the localities of their landscapes. Bierstadt uses his also to illustrate Indian life. His figures are picturesquely grouped, and prosaically true to actual life, and harmonize well with his landscape, giving it additional interest to most observers, though rendering his great work, "The Rocky Mountains," as it is termed, liable to the artistic objection of two pictures in one from two points of view. We form our estimate of him from this picture. It is the most successful great piece of realism in landscape art of the American school, heartily to be welcomed, because it recalls it from the delusive enchantments of the Church style to the scientific truths of nature. Titian and Correggio, in their backgrounds, give us the highest qualities of the landscape, by a broad and noble suggestion of its forms, in tone and meaning subordinated to their chief motive. This idealistic treatment finds few friends in America. Its practical life demands absolute truth of representation in detail and in mass. In this respect Bierstadt has been wonderfully successful. If he has no liking for the broad, imaginative treatment of Titian, neither has he any for the hard lifelessness of the mechanical

Düsseldorf school. He gives us the absolute qualities and forms of things. The botanist and geologist are at home in his rocks and vegetation, for there is no mistaking their nomenclature. He seizes upon natural phenomena with sharp, naturalistic eyes. But there is no littleness of brush. Every stroke is free and telling. Correct in detail, he is no less truthful in generals. His mountains, glaciers, streams, mid-distance, back and fore grounds, unite in an harmonious unity, letting the eye into varied space, or leading it far off and above to snow-clad peaks in ethereal relief against the sky. In the quality of American light,—clear, transparent, sharp in outlines and shadows, yet infused with that atmospherical moisture which magnifies and mystifies distances and subtle gradations of color, creative of indefinite space, and filling the highly oxygenated air with pure light and balmy health,—he is unsurpassed. The shadows of his clouds sweep and play over sun-warmed hills which throb to their caresses. In color, too, we are inclined to award him great praise for its truth to nature. He is too intent on securing the great principle of his art, realism, to attempt artifices, or to labor for isolated or startling effects. This accurate perception of natural truths and reliance upon truthful execution, has given to American art, in its particular choice of motive, a truly great work. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains" will still further raise the opinion of cultivated Europeans of our landscapists, for their best qualities are appreciated even more by them than by our own citizens.

Kensett is esteemed for his refined sentiment, and truthful delicacy of pencil. He is the lyric poet of our autumnal scenes; a little sad, perhaps, but ever sweet and gentle in his pictorial sonnets. He is one of the few American landscapists who repeats himself without monotony or affectation, and, by his sensibility to the spiritual language of nature, lifts the spectator above mere matter into poetical fancy and repose.

Gifford has a similar vein of feeling, united to a more vigorous touch in design, rather conventional than true to Nature, and reminding one of the manipulation of the old masters. He suggests, more than he imitates, forms. The tone of his coloring is artificial, as if he saw Nature through stained glass, and is frequently of a lively or deep brimstone tint.

Ginoux's Niagara by Moonlight, in Mr. Belmont's gallery, is the only Niagara we have seen which appeals to the imagination, or conveys to the mind any suggestion of the volume, force, and flow of the cataract. Equally true to the spirit of the scene in aerial perspective, breezy water, transparent distances, and harmonious general effect, with a picturesque arrangement of details, is Colman's Gibraltar of this year's Academy Exhibition at New York. Critics may object that the rock seems thin and weak, and does not meet the idea of the stern strength of this natural fortress. But the rock is a secondary nature in the picture, and takes its proper hue and form as seen at the mid-distance on one of those perfect Mediterranean days, which seem as if borrowed from Paradise. Colman has seen such a day, and given its general effects with rare fidelity. He is not less successful in rendering the subtle qualities of smoke in contrast with the more subtle qualities of atmosphere. Turner has done nothing better in this detail.

Inness in some respects stands at the head of our landscapists. He impersonates in his pictures his own conditions of mind, leaving it doubtful as yet whether a genius or a failure is before us. His style is formed after Rousseau's, but with an eccentric freedom of feeling and handling that marks original power. He is wildly unequal. But in qualities of vegetable growth, aerial distances, beautiful gradations, and inter-blending of tints, a rich, vigorous, free brush, in glowing summer heat and noontide repose, suggesting the hum of insects and the ruminating delight of cattle, fleecy, sleeping clouds, water-fed meadows, and verdant hillside, suffusing sky and earth with a lavish warmth of color and a solemn glow of tint almost approaching melancholy in sentiment, but very welcome to certain conditions of soul, Inness stands by himself, the youthful father of a distinct class of landscapists. His skies are not American skies, because they have none of their crystalline, cold gray or silvery light. A colorist and idealist by blood, he so delights in gold and purple and crimson, in intense greens, in deep and strong color of every hue, as indicative of passions and emotions, that it is difficult for him to restrain his brush within the prescribed rules of naturalism.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to do full justice to our subject. More names and works might be quoted, but enough have been given to present a general idea of the good points, past condition, and present prospects of our landscape-art. A few words on color, the feeling for which is strong and general, but crude and untrained. Design is too much neglected for its more striking effects. Page is an instance of so deep a feeling in this respect as almost, as it were, to pass his long career in theories and experiments, to the neglect of producing work commensurate with his lofty ideas of art. Hunt sacrifices force of design to diaphanous effects, but is captivating from his delicate sense of color, the refinement of his motives, and purity of his taste. Babcock and Dana are colorists by instinct, Giorgionesque in feeling; the former eccentric in sentiment, color-drunk as it might be; the latter, refined and domestic. La Farge comes before us with equal feeling and an intelligent ambition for the highest walks of art. The tone of his work and mind, alone of our artists, recalls Allston.

Elihu Vedder is another of our young men who seem destined to counteract the materialistic tendencies of our art, and to infuse into it higher aims. As a colorist, he is second to none. He has a firm, solid touch, bespeaking executive ability of a high order. No one who has seen his "Sphinx," "Star of Bethlehem," his "Lair of the Sea-Serpent," his alto-relievos of ideal heads, or his sketches in general, can fail to recognize in him an imagination and invention hitherto rare in our art. But we must await the mature development of our young artists before definitely pronouncing upon them.

America has advanced from indifference to fashion in art. It has become the mode to have a taste. Private galleries in New York are becoming almost as common as private stables. Thousands of dollars are now as freely given for pictures, as hundreds one year back. The result is, that not only large sales of indifferent foreign pictures are frequent, at prices that will be likely to flood us with the cheap pictures or falsifications of Europe, but our own artists, to meet the demand, sell even the sketches from their walls at valuations which but recently they did not venture to affix to their

finished works. Compared with past neglect, it is beneficial, but it is not the sort of stimulus art craves for its highest effects. That cannot be given by mere competition of rich men, but must come from an educated public appreciation of the real meaning and purpose of art. This is dawning upon America as a general idea displayed by a zeal to establish institutions for the promotion of knowledge of art and the preservation of its works. New York is giving two hundred thousand dollars to provide a building for the Academy of Design, in which will be established the long needed Life-School. Under the auspices of the Historical Society, a large sum is collecting to improve their noble grant of land in Central Park by buildings to receive their collections of objects of art and antiquity, on the plan of the British and South Kensington Museums, free to the public. New York has a great advantage over any European capital in the founding of a national art institution, in possessing sufficient land in the very centre of the city, in the midst of its beautiful Park, for indefinite expansion for centuries to come. Baltimore has a similar institution, begun on the Peabody gift of half a million of dollars, with the promise of as much more. Neither is Boston far behindhand. Its Institute of Technology, carefully studied from the experience of Europe, is the most scientifically complete and comprehensive in its organization of any as yet begun in America. It embraces a department of art to include galleries of all epochs and schools. Numerous smaller organizations are springing up in cities like Buffalo, Rochester, and Chicago, showing that the war, so far from stifling the growth of educational institutions at the North, has had the effect to stimulate them, by convincing Americans that the only permanent security for a republic is the enlarged culture of its citizens. Without rating too highly what has as yet been accomplished, we feel warranted in stating that the present time has proved the most auspicious for art and artists that America has seen, and leads us to believe that, under the influence of that activity which characterizes the American mind whenever awakened to topics of universal interest and utility, she will shortly possess schools of art and galleries that shall be commensurate with her mental growth in other directions.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

In the second volume of his treatise,* Bishop Colenso does the singular service of bringing the controversy respecting the Hebrew records upon the ground of pure literary criticism, and of defining that ground with great exactness. It is evident to any one who has followed the course of argument as stated by Mackay or Nicolas, or on the other side by Ewald, that the antiquity of the name Jehovah has a very important bearing on it,— how important, and with what result, it is the special object of this volume to set forth.

The argument, as here stated, consists essentially of two parts. In the first, the distribution of the Pentateuch into portions of different age — the earlier “Elohistic” and the latter “Jehovistic” — is stated with great distinctness, more clearly and convincingly than the reader will easily find elsewhere; and the opinion is suggested, rather than argued, that Samuel may probably have been the writer of the earlier document. The marked distinction of this portion (which is pretty easily and clearly traceable as the basis or outline of the narrative) is, that it employs the name Elohim with absolute consistency down to the beginning of Exodus (chap. iii. or vi.), where the name Jehovah is solemnly and formally introduced, after which the latter becomes the proper and constant designation of the Divine Sovereign of Israel. The more recent portions of the narrative — sometimes parallel with the earlier, as in the two accounts of the creation and of the flood, sometimes simply the filling in — must have been written when the name Jehovah was already so familiar that the distinction was no longer kept. Once (in Gen. ii., iii.) the two names are used together, to signify their identity, — Jehovah-Elohim, — and afterwards quite indifferently. They do not, then, according to Bishop Colenso, express the radical distinction in idea which a numerous recent class of writers have found in them, — the distinction between an idolatrous nature-worship and the sharp monotheism of the Hebrews; neither the distinction which Orthodox critics, as Hengstenberg, have insisted on, — as if one expressed the Divine sovereignty alone, and the other God’s personal relation to the soul of the worshipper. But the introduction of the later name does mark a distinct period of religious development, — a crisis or revolution, corresponding, no doubt, with some marked constructive era in the history of the Hebrew state.

The cardinal point of the discussion thence arising is that which defines the date of this religious revolution. The constant tradition of the Hebrews has referred it, without hesitation, to Moses, the founder of the theocracy. This view has in its favor the testimony of the Hebrew and Christian Scripture, wherever it refers to the matter at

* *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined.* By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, Bishop of Natal. Part II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

all. It has also, on grounds partly but not wholly independent, the high authority of Ewald, who vindicates it with great force, and makes it the basis of his entire conception of the early history. On the other hand, a negative school of criticism has given it a very late date,—a date even as late as the monarchy; has brought the composition of the Pentateuch down as low as Ezra; has given the name Jehovah an origin and a meaning almost purely polemic; and has made the two titles of the Divinity stand, not only for two orders of religious ideas, but as watchwords (so to speak) of the great struggle which the prophets waged with the Canaanitish paganism. Such is, if we understand it, the view of some of the writers we have just referred to. And, apart from dogmatism or tradition, it is not at first apparent where the decision is to be.

The argument, however, turns upon two pretty well defined points, one of antiquities and one of literary criticism, both of which are discussed with great fulness in the present volume. The first is, the use of the name Jehovah (or abridgments of it) in the composition of proper names,—a use which is clearly proved to belong to the periods succeeding Samuel, and not to those before. One or two apparent exceptions, urged by Hengstenberg, are, we think, fully disposed of. There remains, however, the supposition—to which Bishop Colenso hardly gives sufficient heed—that the name may have been fully established in its religious uses long before, though not adopted, as it were, into the Hebrew hearts and homes by being linked with the fond appellation of a child. This point remains, then, rather a matter of curiosity, subsidiary and uncertain.

The other point is more important, and opens into a far wider field. It touches the use of the name Jehovah in the genuine remains of the earliest Hebrew literature. It has been discussed by Bishop Colenso with so much fulness and ability, that it must compel every scholar of a different way of thinking to review his ground carefully. For ourselves, with the best examination we could give the question, we have been satisfied with the argument which assigns the name Jehovah to a period decidedly earlier than Samuel, and hence to the agency and age of Moses.* We are unable to regard the period of the great law-giver as quite so dim and unhistoric as our author represents it.

"It is quite possible," he says, "and indeed, as far as our present inquiries have gone, highly probable, that Moses may be an historical character,—that is to say, it is probable that legendary stories, connected with his name, of some remarkable movement in former days, may have existed among the Hebrew tribes, and these legends may have formed the foundation of the narrative. But this is merely conjectural."—p. 71.

This main point we should state—and, in fact, should find it impossible not to state—with very much greater confidence. We could not even admit it as a supposition (which our author appears to do) that the patriarchal narrative is mere invention or mere myth. We hold that there was a tolerably well-defined Hebrew nationality, dating a

* This argument is briefly stated in "Hebrew Men and Times."

good way beyond Samuel,—dating, in short, from Moses,—and that the centre and symbol of it was the worship of Jehovah, which was restored, not created, by the greatest of the Judges. And we consider that no argument as to the date of the two chief monuments of the early poetic literature—the Oracle of Jacob and the Song of Deborah—is, on the whole, so plausible as that which refers them to the period of the Judges,—not long before Samuel, perhaps, yet enough before to indicate for the type of the religion and for the name of the God of Israel an age some generations earlier than Bishop Colenso is willing to allow.

It is but just to add, however, that the argument is, in the nature of it, an uncertain one. The Song of Deborah may be, as he urges, a later composition,—in short, an artificial ode, instead of the genuine lay or ballad which we have taken it to be. We are by no means prepared to meet (except on the general grounds we have stated) the argument which makes it later than Psalm lxviii., with whose language, in one passage, it is so strikingly parallel,—the name Jehovah being found in the ballad, and Elohim in the Psalm, in phrases otherwise exactly similar. Indeed, the whole argument from the language of the Psalms is stated by Bishop Colenso with great skill, and is, we believe, in large part original with him. By careful comparison (which every reader may verify in the common version), he establishes that the Psalms are clearly divided into classes, corresponding, no doubt, to periods of the history strikingly differing in their religious phraseology, and that those which on general grounds we should consider oldest are also those in which the older name, Elohim, is almost, if not quite, always used.

At the same time, it must be remembered, that in the latest period of the history, as well as the earliest, the name Jehovah disappears. Thus, in the Book of Nehemiah, where “Elohim” constantly occurs, “Jehovah” is found in only a few formal religious phrases. In the vigor of the national existence, the personal name of the God of Israel was the symbol at once of spiritual courage and confidence, loyalty and faith,—a protest against idolatry on one side, and against superstition on the other. So it continued while Israel was an independent nation. In the earliest age, it is lost in the darkness of idolatry and civil anarchy; towards the last, it disappears from current use in the shades of superstition and the gloom of subjugation. That it became the symbol, in the better age, of the national life and of the popular faith, was due to the noble and devout founders of the Hebrew state;—probably to Moses, who had cherished it in passionate adoration during his sojourn in the desert; * certainly to Samuel, whose true service, as the first and grandest name in the Hebrew prophetic literature, has never been more clearly set forth than in the present treatise.

A LARGE number of excellent compilations prepared for single churches testify to the want, widely felt, of some manual which may

* See Ewald.

bring our forms of public prayer somewhat nearer the ancient standards. If we single out for special notice the manual just issued by Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co.,* it is not for invidious distinction, but for these two reasons; — that it has the sanction given it by a certain concert of action between two liberal communions in England and America; and that its excellence is assured by the eminent name and the alike lofty and cultivated intellect of its principal compiler, Mr. Martineau. It is distinguished from most attempts of this sort in not being a mere compilation, but including a considerable amount of matter freshly composed, expressly to clothe new devotional thought in language as much as possible like the time-hallowed forms of psalm or liturgy. And this not only in forms of prayer composed for special occasions or moods, but in a peculiar style of modern psalm, or "canticle," in which the Christian language and thought is frankly substituted for the Hebrew. In the following example, the reader will acknowledge the extraordinary skill, and the richness of spiritual diction, with which this difficult task has been achieved.

"Lo! at length the True Light: — light for every man born into the world; Kindling the face of them that receive it: till they become the sons of God. Cease, blinding glories of the heavens: which none could see and live! Cease, gross darkness of the earth; where the righteous put forth their hands and fear!"

The veil between is taken away: and the mingling day-spring comes; No longer is the dwelling of eternal life too bright above: and the perishable world too dark below.

The Son of God hath dwelt among us: full of grace and truth; The Son of man hath got up on high: made perfect through suffering for the holy of holies.

He is our peace: giving us access by one spirit to the Father; No more strangers and exiles: but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

O Lord Almighty! we had said of thee: 'Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts';

But thou hast looked on us as with the pity of a man: and raised us to think the thoughts of God.

We had said, 'Our righteousness reacheth not unto thee: or to the holy ones of thy presence':

But thou hast made one family, there and here: one living communion of seen and unseen.

We had said, 'Thou layest men fast in everlasting sleep': but lo! they sleep into everlasting waking.

Blessed be the Lord God, that giveth beauty for ashes: and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The one sanction which could establish a genuine "common prayer" in any considerable number of churches must be either antiquity, authority, or general consent. The last is as little likely as the others are impossible. So that it is difficult to judge the work before us from the only point of view from which it could be fairly judged. We

* Common Prayer for Christian Worship, in Ten Services for Morning and Evening; with Special Collects, Prayers, and Occasional Services. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

are obliged, against our wish, to think of it as a work of literary art, and not as the long-sanctioned and familiar guide of devotion, which our very definition of a liturgy seems to demand. We also look at it, unavoidably, with reference to our personal feeling and want, rather than the uses of a congregation; and, in such a book as this, we seek the utmost range and copiousness of material, as a manual of devout thought. In this view, we regret the repetition of matter in a book where we would have the utmost completeness and condensation,—as for instance, in the *Te Deum*, which is given in full no less than five times. And we equally regret the omission of some arrangement (at least) of the Hebrew Psalms,—which more than all other compositions seem essential to the order of public worship; together with other omissions, made, we suppose, on the score of taste,—as, for instance, that passage in the burial service, of so rich and mournful cadence, beginning, “Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.” The repetition and the omission alike impair the uses of the volume as a manual of devotion,—which are what we chiefly desire in it,—while its use as a strictly ordered form, of general acceptance, it would be quite premature to anticipate.

There remains to it, however, the high sanction which we mentioned at first. And, along with this, we think it will be found that no similar volume contains so large a variety of brief petitions and thanksgivings, so chaste and elevated in their diction, and combining, with so delicate skill, the richness of modern devotional thought with the simple gravity of the antique form.

THE new Hymn-Book of the “Christian” sect* is too excellent to be passed unnoticed. It has been compiled with extraordinary skill, care, and research, and in its convenience as a manual for use in the church is unsurpassed by any collection that has been published. In the arrangement of subjects, in the aids given for selecting suitable hymns, and in the helps offered to memory, it is as nearly perfect as any book is likely to be.

We can only state concisely the special practical excellences of the book. 1. The large number of hymns, 1,188 in all. 2. The hymns are not (with one or two exceptions) printed on the two sides of any leaf. 3. Nearly all the hymns are adapted to some text of Scripture, to which reference is not only made in the heading of the hymn itself, but in a systematic index. 4. There is not only an index of the first line of every hymn, but of every stanza. 5. The alphabetical index of subjects is very full, and the topics are arranged and classified with unusual precision. 6. While there are many new hymns, most of the favorite standard hymns are retained, original readings are restored, while many less familiar fine hymns of the old composers are restored to use. Some alterations, however, have been made, both tasteless and unwise. 7. Nearly all the hymns are adapted to musical expression,

* The Christian Hymn-Book, for the Sanctuary and Home. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863. 12mo. pp. 800.

and are such as choirs can readily sing, having few difficult or exceptional metres. The book is distinctly a collection of hymns, and not partly of devotional poetry. 8. The tone is cheerful, hopeful, and inspiring, more lyric than elegiac.

The chief objection which we have to make is to its materialistic views of redemption, of the future life, and the joys of heaven. Many hymns seem to set forth the "blood" theology, and to imply a vicarious character in Christ's sacrifice. The hymns which express affection for Jesus are frequently superstitious in their extravagance; and in one or two instances the doctrine of his actual Deity seems to be involved. There is a too literal interpretation of Scripture imagery, and a preference for this literalness. The elimination of about two hundred hymns of this materialistic kind would leave an admirable collection.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

WE are always indebted to the luminous and faithful report of the annual progress in science and art* for some of the most agreeable and suggestive reading of the year. It is inevitable that such a report should contain much that is hasty and crude, which a few years more will winnow out from the accumulating mass of sound knowledge. In fact, a part of its value consists in reflecting the actual phase of scientific opinion as well as knowledge, and treasuring up some things for future curiosity among a good many other things for future use. Of the many points of interest it offers, we need barely mention the experiments going on, on so vast a scale, in the great science of attack and defence,—the scientific investigations followed, in the heat and thunder of battle, under the walls of Sumter or the blazing bluffs of Vicksburg. We have marked, besides, several matters pertaining to the regular and peaceful advance of discovery, which have quite as genuine interest in our time.

The doctrine of the "conservation of force" has been curiously illustrated in many ways in these last years,—some experiments verifying, within a very narrow margin, the statement that the amount of muscular power which can be got by any animal from a given quantity of food represents precisely the amount of heat "obtainable by burning that quantity of food." (p. 188.) Practically, as applied to the economy of the arts, this doctrine has immense importance. Heat, like current coin, is a common measure of a great many sorts of value. Light, electricity, weight, resistance, nervous or muscular force, all have their expression on this common scale. The twelve million "horse-power" of steam in actual use in England represents a definite amount of heat actually shed from the sun in the "carboniferous era"; and the "conservation of force" has a practical illustration in devices for compressing the waste of coal-mines, and furnaces with "regenerating chambers," or decomposing jets of water, for the fierce heat to be got from the gas it generates. In the "aniline dyes" of purple and

* Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1863. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

crimson, distilled from coal-tar, we have, again, a sort of glorified ideal of utilitarianism. Among the more interesting recent applications of science to the uses of life, we have methods of making distilled water fit for common use; paper substituted for iron in pipes for gas or water, of wonderful lightness and toughness; aluminum employed for the most delicate weights in the chemist's balance; and the intense brilliancy of the electrical light put to service in light-houses. While metals that were never known till discovered in the lines and tints of the prismatic spectrum — thallium and rubidium — are likely to find their place in arts of beauty or utility.

Along with these practical matters we have something of the speculative side of science. Of this, the two most notable examples are the extremely interesting researches in "spectral analysis," of which a brief account was given a year ago, and the daring and hazardous observations made in a series of balloon ascensions by a pair of English aeronauts, who reached the astonishing height of about six miles, and had nearly perished in the intense cold (-20°), which rendered one of them quite insensible. These make two valuable and curious episodes in the present Annual. It would appear that two years ago, in the summer of 1861, the tail of the brilliant comet did actually envelop the earth, without causing so much as the quiver of a magnetic needle. New observations of Saturn's ring, the recently discovered companion to Sirius, the disappearance of certain nebulae, and photographic "autographs of the sun," testify the unfading interest that belongs to the grandest of the sciences.

But on the side of observation and theory, by far the greatest interest is found in the recent studies of geology. It is instructive to hear of the ancient beds of rivers and lakes, and the agency of glaciers in shaping them; it is startling to be told that Vesuvius is probably degenerating to a mud-volcano; and our notion of the great central forces of the earth is helped by the magnificent imagination of the slow upheaval and subsidence of continents, through long geologic periods, in a series of changes which is far from being at an end. But these are quite subordinate to the testimony which they suggest and illustrate respecting the changes in animal life, the antiquity of man upon the earth, and the periods of civilization before all records of human history. This curious and fruitful field, more than any other, characterizes the scientific research of these late years; and a very fair statement of the general result is found in the volume which makes the subject of this notice.

THE particular question raised in the foregoing class of investigations is discussed with great fulness by Sir Charles Lyell, in his recent volume.* It may be defined as an inquiry into the earliest civilization of Europe through the testimony of geological records, and the connection of the primitive history of man with past geological periods. It

* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs. 8vo.

has been the way, heretofore, to draw an arbitrary line, separating the period of human existence from all those forms of life now extinct, which are made known to us by the evidence of the rocks, and to assume that man, having had an existence of only some six thousand years, has no connection with the era of saurian or mammoth. This boundary between history and palæontology has long been fading out. It has seemed likely that the numerous traditions of conflict with dragons and other monsters may point to a time when such creatures were contemporary with man ; and wild Indian legends of this continent tell how the last of the mammoths fled from the children of the forest. More exact testimony, found in caves, and the dredge of lakes, and old refuse-heaps in the North of Europe, has definitely shown the presence of some low grade of humanity among those races that were assumed to have perished in some overwhelming cataclysm. The drift of the testimony is to show that there has never been any one great shock which destroyed all, or most, of the existing forms of life ; while species, like individuals, may have their term of existence, and continually, though imperceptibly, disappear.

Without going into the detail, which should be sought in such works as this of Sir Charles Lyell, we may refer to two main points of evidence brought forward :— 1. The definite proof of a “glacial epoch,” — a period of intense cold, when Europe was much in the condition of Greenland now, — which seems to have very nearly preceded the first historic times, and in which certain grand features, such as the form of the Swiss lakes and valleys, were determined by glacial action, — a view, by the way, having a remarkable correspondence with that which Ruskin assumes as an hypothesis in explaining the mountain outlines ; and 2. The fixing of three pretty well defined periods of early and rude civilization in Europe. These periods are now quite familiarly known as the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron. They give us glimpses into no very vast and fabulous antiquity, — not even the eleven thousand years of the Nile-valley reckoning, so curiously confirmed by the traditions recounted by Herodotus. On the contrary, it is within the modest limit of five to seven thousand years that we are taught to think of a stunted and wretched race, like Laplanders, who dwelt in rude, wattled huts by the lake-shore, and painfully scraped their wooden implements into shape, with sharp edges and cleavages of flint ; while the age of bronze, as nearly as we make out, corresponds with the heroic age of Homer, — whose warriors fight with arms and panoply of bronze, — and reaches down to some generations below Julius Cæsar. These dim tracings of the first civilizing arts of Europe are the more interesting, because they prove that there must have been a good deal of intercourse and traffic, over pretty wide spaces, as well as skill to forge such metals as copper and tin, at a time which we are apt to associate with the stationariness of savage life.

A considerable part of Sir Charles Lyell's book is taken up with an argument which has only a sideway connection with the main point, as to the Darwinian theory, and the proper place of man among the orders of creation. He confesses to a considerable change of opinion on these

points within a few years ; and, without exactly committing himself to the extreme views suggested by Mr. Darwin, or in the "Vestiges of Creation," the tendency of the discussion is very decided in that direction. It is hardly an unfair representation to say, that the motive of his argument is to vindicate Mr. Darwin's views from unfriendly criticism, and to expose the fallacies relied on by Professor Owen and others, who have been the chief opponents of the development theory in its recent modifications.

THIS theory, in its special application to mankind, leads at once, of course, to suggestions as to "the relations of man to the lower animals," particularly to those of the "pithecoid type," as they are learnedly and politely termed, that is, apes. The old tales of pygmies, mandrills, and wild men of the woods, reflected in the Linnæan names *Homo nocturnus* and *Homo sylvestris* applied to the larger apes, recur again in Professor Huxley's* careful and scientific exposition. His clear statement of the leading facts of embryology, and his well-illustrated comparison of the anatomy of the different tribes, and especially of fossil with actual skulls, both of men and apes, make the most valuable portions of his book. Professor Huxley does not shrink from asserting the completest analogy of physical structure between man and brute, or from maintaining that the rudiments even of the noblest human faculties are found in the ruder intelligence of humbler beings. The supremacy of man, and his distinguishing attribute, he places strictly in his capacity to husband and combine his resources, and so to follow, from the lowest beginnings, a course of indefinite improvement.

IN the works which we have just mentioned, the tendency is very notable to accept a pretty liberal theory of development, to account for the origin and explain the mutual connection of animal races. The same tendency is quite marked in the argument adopted by Mr. Brace in his excellent and handsome Manual,† which seeks to reduce the several races of mankind to a common type. The comparative anatomist tells us that the structural differences between certain lowest races of men and highest of brutes are less strongly marked than those among the several races of men. The ethnologist assures us that these latter may be fully accounted for on the strictest theory of actual descent from a single pair. In this form, the statement has perhaps rather a theological than a scientific motive ; since, as Professor Agassiz has shown, we can no more conceive of mankind existing as a solitary pair, and not in tribes or multitudes, than we can conceive of the existence of cattle otherwise than in herds, or sheep in flocks, or bees in swarms. So far as the science of ethnology is concerned, it is only embarrassed by this extreme statement. It is enough to know — if so much can be proved — that all existing differences may fairly be traced to variations

* Evidence as to Man's Place in Nature. By THOMAS H. HUXLEY. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

† The Races of the Old World ; a Manual of Ethnology. By CHARLES L. BRACE. New York : Charles Scribner.

from one original type. Mr. Brace adopts the theory of Prichard, that these differences are due to external or social conditions, operating through long periods of time ; and he states, as a very interesting confirmation, that the old Egyptian type of feature, as found in the ancient monuments, has been actually *reproduced*, under climatic influences, in the only stationary class that has subsisted out of the mongrel population of the Nile valley through several successive centuries. Certain outward signs of form and feature, it would seem, correspond to those changes which are slowly wrought in the system to adapt it to a given class of influences, and which we vaguely call "acclimatization." It is gratifying to find the following testimony as to the results of this process in America : —

"It is a great error of many writers on Ethnology, to suppose that the American physique has degenerated from the English type. It is well known by manufacturers and employers in this country, that for labors requiring the utmost physical endurance and muscular power foreigners are never so suitable as native Americans. The reports of the examining surgeons for volunteers show a far higher average of physique in the Americans examined, than in the English, Germans, or Irish. It is a fact well known to our life-insurance companies that the average length of life here is greater than that of the English tables. The effect of the climate is indeed to produce a somewhat spare, nervous, and muscular type, — quite different from the English, — though to this there are vast numbers of exceptions ; but the average of health, of muscular strength, and power of sustained endurance, we believe to be greater here than in England, or in any civilized country." — p. 482.

The volume of Mr. Brace deserves high praise as an effort to condense the utmost amount of information, on a subject so extensive and perplexed, into as compact and clear a shape as possible. Its chief value will be found as a manual to be kept at hand, in the study of the science through the numerous works where it must be sought. As a text-book for independent study of the science, it is too greatly crowded with a multitude of names, of tribes and races, of which no sufficient account is given ; and is perplexed, furthermore, by the awkward arrangement, which brings forward the separate races three distinct times, in their ancient, their middle, and their modern period of development. A very great service would be done by a volume less detailed in the way of statistical cataloguing, of more clear and bold outline, and of simpler historic method. The scientific value of the treatise consists largely in the accurate and amply illustrated argument in respect to *language* as the true basis of ethnological classification.

THE very valuable and interesting work of Professor Draper * frankly accepts the doctrine that the development both of animal and intellectual life depends on physical conditions ; and asserts this position with a fertility of argument and a wealth of illustration which give it a commanding rank among similar treatises. It is not strictly

* A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York : Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 631.

true, as he asserts, that this is "a point of view heretofore almost entirely neglected." But we cannot call to mind an author who has stated it with equal force, or has shown himself so thoroughly master of that variety of scientific proof which was needed to fortify it. There is at once a freedom of handling, and a clear, earnest, reverent tone in the discussion, which put it in most favorable comparison with the pedantic dogmatism of Buckle, or the frequent harsh austerity of Comte. The general sketch, in the beginning, of those physical conditions which have shaped the historic life of Europe, is unsurpassed in clearness of outline and comprehensive vigor of grasp. And the closing portion, which contains the scientific analogies that justify his leading position,—that the true doctrine of history or ethnology must be founded on physiology,—has the independence, force, and value of an original argument. It is very rare to find a piece of analogical reasoning presented with the ingenuity and skill of the following:—

"Two pieces of carbonate of lime may be rolling among the pebbles at the bottom of a brook, one perpetually splitting into rhomboids, the other into arragonitic prisms. The fragments differ from one another not only thus in their crystalline form, but in their physical qualities, as density and hardness, and in their optical qualities also. We might say that the calc-spar crystals gave birth to calc-spar crystals, and the arragonitic to arragonite; we might admit that there is an interior propensity, an intrinsic tendency to produce that result, just as we say that there is a tendency in the marsupial to engender a marsupial; but if in our illustration we look for the cause of that cause, we find it in a physical impression long antecedently made, that the carbonate of lime, crystallizing at 212° Fahr., produces arragonite, and, at a lower temperature, calc-spar; and that the physical impression thus accomplished, though it may have been thousands of years ago, was never cast off, but perpetually manifested itself in all the future history of the two samples. That which we sometimes speak of as hereditary transmission, and refer to an interior property, peculiarity, or force, may be nothing more than the manifestation of a physical impression long before made." — p. 571.

Other examples of the quality to which we have referred will be found in what is said of the "wave of verdure expanding towards the pole" in spring; of the variations of the earth's crust affecting migrations (p. 22); of the tilting of the European continent upon an imaginary axis running from east to west, so that the basin of the Baltic is uplifted, while the coasts of the Mediterranean are depressed,—with its influence on history; of the concentrated strength of the Roman Empire, dependent on its main line running east and west, and so not including any very wide diversities of climate; of the analogy between the Egyptian and Peruvian civilizations, both having place in narrow, rainless districts; and particularly, of the effect on the climate, the air, the ocean, and the races of living creatures, that resulted from the enormous absorption of carbonic acid in the "carboniferous era" of our planet, with the calcareous depositions coincident.

The same vigorous independence of thought and facile wealth of illustration appear in the treatment of historical periods, especially of the advance of philosophy and science. Massive generalization, with a command of detail that gives vitality and interest to all the parts,—the

magnetizing of facts by a powerful current of thought,—is the highest quality that can be demanded in a work of this kind; and they are found, to a rare and high degree, in the present treatise. We should point to it, sooner than to any other we could name, to do the important service of *crystallizing*, in the mind of a thoughtful person, that loose aggregate of facts gathered up in the course of much miscellaneous reading, before the age of twenty-five. And the rather, because its independent and courageous temper is not marred, so far as we observe, by any irreverence or undue defiance in tone. The maturer scholar will find in it a fairer view, we think, of the important part taken by the Saracens and Jews in the intellectual history of Europe, than in any of the standard histories of philosophy; while the hints suggested by the author's special familiarity with topics of physiology and medicine are always curious, often valuable and instructive. The judgment of eminent names, as Socrates, Bacon, and Milton, has something the effect of novelty, in its easy disregard of traditional opinion. We copy a few sentences relating to the first:—

"It was the uncontrollable advancement of knowledge that overthrew Greek religion. Socrates himself never hesitated to denounce physics for that tendency, and the Athenians extended his principles to his own pursuits, their strong common-sense telling them that the philosophical cultivation of ethics must be equally bad. He was not loyal to science, but sought to support his own views by exciting a theological odium against his competitors,—a crime that educated men ought never to forgive. In the tragedy that ensued, the Athenians only paid him in his own coin."

If space permitted, we would call attention to several other striking points of this treatise,—such as the clear exposition of the "Italian system" of church and civil polity; the curious and intelligent account of Buddhism in Eastern Asia, and the indigenous civilizations of America; the comparison of the decadence of Greek polytheism with the present condition of Roman Catholic piety; and what is said of the conditions of national life amongst ourselves. But the book is within the reach of all readers, at a cost quite below its value compared with almost any similar publication; and it should be suffered to speak for itself.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE Life of St. Bernard has been well written by Mr. Morison.* The style is vigorous and free; the study of original authorities seems careful, if not exhaustive. There are certain defects of method, indeed, in his work, which it is easy to indicate. We prefer to express our surprise at its general merit. Omitting the great names, the tone of English writers upon history in the late years has been for the most part hard, conventional,—tedious as chronicles, vapory as homilies. Mr. Morison is an exception. He handles his subject with a vivacity of strength which comes of a full knowledge and a clear conception of

* *The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. A.D. 1091–1153.*
By JAMES COTTER MORISON, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

the characters and the age he portrays. But his judgment in the choice of a subject has by no means been equal to his manner of treating it. Shrouded in the mists of the Middle Age, as shadowy as the phantoms which encompassed him, a silent monk consecrated by miracles, attended by mystery, St. Bernard is a striking example of the credulity and the strength of the childlike faith and the stagnant materialism of that wondrous age, that period of change when the rude races of the North were putting off the old barbarism to enter upon the new civilization, and in the darkness of their faith were striving for the worldly empire of the dogmas which had enslaved and transformed them.

But though for a time a power in the world, vast, beneficent, mightier than kings, controlling popes, guiding councils, preaching crusades, St. Bernard was, both in his character and his influence, the creation and the servant of his age, sharing its errors while exhibiting its virtues. The world was better, indeed, for his having lived in it. Honesty and humility like his are never lost upon it. But in the great march of men through the centuries it is the leaders only who survive to record or represent the progress they have foreseen and aided. Content with the Church he adorned, fixed in its creed, giving his life to defend what the instinct of mankind was leading it to destroy, St. Bernard was in no proper sense of the term a great man in an age in which the task of genius was reformation. To the fundamental principle of the Middle Age, that one must believe in order to know, St. Bernard yielded a confiding assent,—although when he absorbed the faith of the Church he idealized it. The sanctification of the heart was to him the evidence of truth. He bowed to the authority of the Word, but he found in nature more than in books. He might have been Pope, but he preferred to rule the world as monk. A letter from him drove the armies of the French king from the Champagne. To his influence Innocent II. owed his establishment in the papal chair. The graces of his manner and the charm of his voice won all hearts. His reasoning satisfied all understandings,—with the exception of those few restless, inquiring men who probed the hollowness, and were ever urged to expose the weakness, of the claims they despised. Religion and the Church were to St. Bernard one and indivisible; and the more we examine his life, and the age he illustrated, the drearier does the influence of this view become,—the darker the ignorance to which it led. It is like the streaming in of the morning light upon the ghostly churchyard, to recognize amid these recitals of miracles, these babblings of superstition, the clear voice and the keen logic of a thinker like Abelard. St. Bernard, with his piety and his credulity, his councils and sermons and epistles, disappears for us in the weary wastes of his age,—profitless things to study in these intenser days, with the hopes of the world beating high,—its grander tasks unfolding.

To explore the origin and to trace the influence of the philosophy of Abelard is a higher, more useful effort. The portraiture of the Middle Age, with its bright colors, and its dreamy ideals, with its knights and its *Minne*, with its rapine and desolation, should be kept for the novelist or the poet. They alone can bring back the reality in its wildness and

its beauty. The historian who records the legends he refuses to criticise, and narrates the miracles he is too enlightened to despise, who attempts thus to paint the age he explains, misconceives its teaching and denies its charm. The glare of daylight scatters the fancies, while it sweeps away the superstition, which crowded its darkened castles and sighed along its deserted ways. And the ruins on the hill-tops are blacker, and the empty armor gives out a drearier sound to us, as the frightened ghosts fade away ; and the mouldering stones and the rusty iron become as the refuse of a world extinct, devoid of meaning, cumbering the earth we tread.

But forgetting Bernard and his epistles and his visions, we may be pardoned for alluding a moment to his opponent Abelard, known to us less by his method of dialectics than by his love for Heloise, — embalmed for us from childhood in the plaintive verses of Pope. Among the first to deny the tyranny of the Church, Abelard demanded that knowledge should precede belief ; that words which conveyed no meaning should receive no respect, — affirming that the only key to truth is ceaseless and earnest inquiry. By doubt we come to investigation, — by investigation we obtain truth. Faith founded upon knowledge leads to love, and love sanctifies us. But the general wickedness of his doctrines is best set forth by William of Thierry : —

“(1.) He defines faith as being the estimation of things not seen. (2.) The names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are improperly applied to God, — this is a description of the Highest Good. (3.) The Father is Full Power, the Son a certain power, the Holy Spirit no power. (4.) Of the Holy Spirit, that he is not of the substance of the Father and of the Son, as the Son is of the substance of the Father. (5.) The Holy Spirit is the soul of the world. (6.) By free will, without the assistance of grace, we can will and act rightly. (7.) Christ did not take flesh and suffer, that he might deliver us from subjection to Satan. (8.) Christ, God and Man, is not the third person in the Trinity.”

Thus was he in divers ways corrupt. As Bernard wrote to the Pope, when he speaks of the Trinity, he reminds one of Arius ; when he treats of grace, of Pelagius ; when he discusses the Person of Christ, of Nestorius.

But apart from his merits as a reformer, or rather as the forerunner of those by whom, in after days, reform was to come, it is alone by his connection with that marvellous woman we call Heloise that we continue to find an interest in his career, or to lament his fate. If bold in many of his affirmations, without a master as a disputant, without a rival as a thinker, there was a hardness and selfishness and ambition in the man which forbids our sympathy and repels our confidence. It was by mere force of his intellect, rebellious to a theology it derided, not by the strength of his will working out his convictions, that he fell upon heresies and disturbed his age. But in explanation of the love he inspired, the character of Abelard deserves the examination it has received from Mr. Morison. The dark side of it is painted relentlessly ; but its better part, the aspiration in the midst of abasement, the patience under suffering, the purer ideal, he has failed to portray or to appreciate. The life of man is the mingling of many elements. He

that recognizes or teaches the best philosophy may be he who lives the worst life. Yet the soul may retain its aspirations when the will may seem to have lost its power. It was the ambition of Abelard which worked his ruin; it was his selfishness which has lost him his fame. Wholly true to Heloise, though the Church never canonized him, the world would have given him a place in its heart forever. But the scholasticism of the age, which sharpened his intellect, deadened his heart. With the first flush of passion there faded the finer sentiments, — the generosity to atone for evil, the courage to submit to sacrifice. In Heloise, on the other hand, the world has recognized an example of the truest love, — unquestioning, absolute, heroic, — that entire harmony of thought, that blending of souls, the realization of that ideal relation of man to woman towards which the world is ever tending, — a love which becomes a part of life, which years cannot banish, nor sorrow darken, nor death extinguish.

The spiritual civilization of man advances with slower steps than the material. The tendencies of the Pagan world have survived in many things the conquests of the Christianity they defied. Remnants of barbarism, dark traces of Paganism, still exist to poison the air we breathe, to taint the civilization we profess. In Plato's republic men were to marry for the good of the state; in our republics they marry as convenience suggests or interest urges. The heathenism of the old, still pollutes the new civilization. Yet in the efforts to throw it off, confused and dangerous as they seem, there is evidence that the conscience of the age is awakened. The elective affinity of Goethe is but the protest of a thinking people against the tyranny of ecclesiastical dogmas and the habits of a selfish age. The real question is not who shall be divorced, but who shall marry. The perception of that profounder law, that in each human heart there lies an impulse to that other heart for which it was created, is the reform men want, — not vicious theories, nor invitations to disorder, nor glosses upon crime. To make the human law accord with the divine, there is need only of the recognition of both. The delusion of a law-making people, that society is to reform the individual it guides, does more than anything to obstruct the progress it craves. The struggle of each soul for itself — stern, persistent, undismayed — is thus put aside for dreams of legislation, for visions of impossibilities. When the state undertakes to do the work which the individual abandons, the state goes to pieces, as it deserves.

Fresh to us, then, as the opening spring-time, fragrant as the early flowers, is the finding here and there, in these arid wastes of earthly living, along these highways of the world's tumultuous history, a heart like that of Heloise, beating with the love, pure, holy, never ending, which the world may take for its ideas and its inspiration and its hope. And not without significance is it, that the nation which confessedly, and by system, acts for the most part upon the principle that marriage is a bargain, cherishes with almost superstitious reverence, in its crowded cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, under that beautiful monument constructed from the ruins of the Paraclete, the ashes of Abelard and Heloise.

IN August, 1862, some citizens of Maine, under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society, with more, it is to be feared, of antiquarian zeal than historic insight, undertook a public celebration of the ill-advised and abortive attempt of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Chief Justice Popham to found a colony on the Kennebec in 1607. The President of that feeble plantation,—more feeble in purpose and spirit than in means,—who died of infirmity and old age a few months after the landing, was on this occasion commemorated with a monumental stone bearing a somewhat questionable epigraph, which, though it claims the authority of the Maine Historical Society, cannot, we think, be considered as expressing the deliberate judgment of that learned body regarding the true import of this enterprise. Nor did the occasion pass without a protest from at least one competent judge. Mr. J. W. Thornton, being called upon for a speech, presented the character and claims of the Popham colony in a light very different from that in which the authors of this celebration had placed it. Some of his positions having been controverted, Mr. Thornton has published his Speech,* with copious and elaborate notes illustrating the real nature of the scheme which the Maine Historical Society have seen fit to glorify, exalting it even—so far as the orator of the occasion represents the Society—above the expedition of the Plymouth Pilgrims. It is here shown to have been in part a mining enterprise, and in part a penal colony devised by the ex-highwayman, Sir J. Popham, for the disposition of English rogues, "*those that went thither being pressed to that enterprise as endangered by the law.*" Mr. Thornton is deeply learned in the early history of New England, and has brought together, within a short compass, a great amount of interesting matter relative to that subject.

THE remembrance of the English St. Bartholomew of 1662 has called forth a number of appropriate volumes. "The Two Thousand Confessors" † is one of the most popular, because of its abundance of personal anecdotes,—some of them, we judge, resting upon tradition alone. The two that we give have a peculiar professional interest, and are illustrative of great truths, besides being new to the public at large. The celebrated Richard Baxter, having made an appointment to preach on a common near Coventry, set out the evening before for his rendezvous. But, missing his way in the dark, he finds lodging at a gentleman's house, who inquires his business. "A man-catcher," was the reply. "Then," said the gentleman, "you are the very person I want, and to-morrow morning you must help me secure Dick Baxter, who is to preach at a conventicle in the neighborhood." When they reached the spot at the appointed time, the people, seeing their enemy, who proved to be a magistrate, dared not assemble. After waiting some

* Colonial Schemes of Popham and Gorges. Speech by JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, Esq., at the Fort Popham Celebration, Aug. 29, 1862. Under the Auspices of the Maine Historical Society. Boston. 1863.

† The Two Thousand Confessors of 1662. By THOMAS COLEMAN. 2d edition. London : John Snow. 1861.

time, the justice requested his companion to address the multitude upon the unlawfulness of their assemblage. Baxter consented, and requested his companion to pray, who declined because he had no prayer-book, and asked Baxter to officiate. His prayer melted the enemy to tears. After it was over, and Baxter had preached, he announced his name, and gave himself up to the magistrate, who released him, and was ever after a friend and advocate of the persecuted preacher.

The other narrative is of the continuance of religious impressions, even where the life has denied them any manifestation. John Flavel preached a peculiarly earnest discourse to a deeply affected audience, on the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. A sailor-boy of fifteen started immediately on a voyage, and kept up his worldly spirit through various occupations, until, at the age of a hundred, Mr. Flavel's discourse rushed back upon him with such power that he repented, joined the Congregational Church at Middleborough, and for sixteen years maintained a consistent religious character.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

SERVIA, as seen by a High Church minister from London,* is an entirely different thing from the Servia seen by an intelligent merchant from America. The Greek Church, its controlling element, viewed by one who prays for its union with his own more enlightened communion, is light itself in contrast with the darkness felt by any genuine Protestant, under a religious system which ignores an educated ministry, neglects preaching, and idolizes a ritual. As Rev. Mr. Denton went to Servia to admire its ancient ecclesiastical apparatus,—as he approached its bishops with a reverence similar to what he bore his own,—it is not strange that he was welcomed with open arms, was convinced of the antiquity of the rude ecclesiasticism round him, and yearned to see it crowned with unlimited jurisdiction. He detests the oppression of Christians by a handful of Turks, exposes the connivance of England in these continued outrages, shows that the "balance of power" is utterly absurd when it means strengthening Turkey by a nominal sway over exasperated freedmen, declares that Russia has interfered far less to stimulate revolt than England has interfered to sustain a decrepit tyranny, and proves that much of the Russian influence is the intense sympathy of fellow-religionists with one another. No doubt the Servians have advantages which a more living church would develop, a more republican government demonstrate to the world. They do not ape European fashions, do not exhaust their resources in foreign diplomacy, do not ask anything of the rest of the world but to be let alone. They have consequently no national debt, taxation is moderate, and the yearly revenue adequate to all their wants. But internal improvements are hardly begun, agriculture is in the rudest condition, education has made little progress, and religion is a dead ritual, instead of a quickening spirit.

* *Servia and the Servians.* By REV. W. DENTON. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

RUFIN PIETROWSKI,* a Polish exile in Paris, seems to have been driven by homesickness to return to Podolia, under the assumed name and manners of a Frenchman, and there sustain himself as a teacher of foreign languages. While demeaning himself in all respects as a good citizen, avoiding for the most part all Polish connections, and frequenting the principal Russian officer's house, he becomes suspected, is arrested, betrays himself in a hopeless moment, is heavily chained, degraded from the nobility, and packed off to Siberia for life. After terrible suffering by the way, he settles down into a government clerk in a penal settlement for the manufacture of liquor,—with the determination, however, to escape, if it cost him his life. This he accomplishes at last by wonderful ingenuity, perseverance, fortitude, and self-denial. Passing through all Siberia, and a great part of Russia in Europe, assailed by the merciless climate, and befriended nowhere by a living soul, he finds the vessels at Archangel environed by the Russian police, and is obliged to turn back to St. Petersburg itself, and escape at last by ship upon the Baltic.

This romantic narrative bears every trace of truth; the Russian rulers are sometimes pitied rather than blamed, while their system is condemned as the cause of this unexampled cruelty. In every calm word, every fervent hope, there breathes a holy patriotism, bowed down with grief, yet not crushed by despair. The last chapter, "A Year of Agitation in Poland," deserves to be read everywhere, not only as a key to the present revolt against barbarous tyranny, but as a marvellous development of national self-sacrifice, and partly as a test of the power of habitual moral resistance in paralyzing the oppressor's arm and baffling the tyrant's schemes.

"OBSERVATIONS upon China,"† by W. L. G. Smith, do not pretend to be profound, extended, or prophetic. Our Consul shows himself a man of business, writes with commercial precision, and tells us what he knows, chiefly about trade, in as few words as possible. Some of his little chapters upon the free ports would not need much condensation for the pages of a gazetteer. There is a class of readers who enjoy such matter-of-fact books, who do not ask for descriptions of scenery, or speculations about the future, but only crave a trustworthy report of what the traveller has actually seen. Mr. Smith has met just this want. He does not pretend to show how the Tai-ping rebellion is to end: he sees very clearly that an immense commerce is opened to us with the Flowery Land; and is justly proud of the pacific measures by which our government secured concessions, for which England and France shed so much needless blood. He gives the population of the Empire at four hundred and fourteen millions, which he thinks cannot be exaggerated, as the imperial tax is levied upon this census. Several single cities possess a million of inhabitants, most of them in extreme

* Story of a Siberian Exile. By M. RUFIN PIETROWSKI. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

† China and the Chinese. By W. L. G. SMITH, late U. S. Consul at Shanghai. New York: Carleton. 1863.

poverty, but some with a mammoth fortune, increased through the law of primogeniture generation upon generation. The native administration of justice he shows to be utterly corrupt ; piracy and highway robbery flourish ; and not even an entire revolution would relieve this patient race from their intolerable burdens, as neither the character of the rebel-chief, nor the conduct of his followers, is any improvement upon the ancient order of affairs.

AN attempt of three Englishmen,* attended by an American missionary, to pass up the great river of Central China, map out its course, explore its mineral resources, and introduce to the world its commercial facilities, failed simply through the disturbances caused by civil war. Eighteen hundred miles were passed over without peril, when the absolute refusal of their boatmen to venture any nearer the ferocious Tai-pings turned them reluctantly back, after two thirds of their work were well done. While they do ample justice to the noble Yang-Tsze, revealing to the world majestic scenery, most valuable mines, and a population eager for foreign intercourse, still a blood-red cloud darkens the scene. The Chinese government is shown to be hopelessly imbecile, unworthy of European countenance, and utterly corrupt. And yet the Tai-ping rebellion promises but little relief; having in its youth the indolence of extreme age, in its pretended Christianity the blood-thirstiness of a wild beast. The fact of other rebellions, besides that of which foreigners have heard so much, convulsing different parts of the Empire, proves the necessity of thorough political reformation : the success of these separate attempts at revolution shows how paralyzed is the arm that seemed to wield despotic power over these many millions. Foreign interference would certainly be less wrong here than in any other case, among such mere children, warring without hope of victory, making no visible progress from year to year, having within their reach no means of extrication from a sea of troubles, and absurdly scornful of the rest of mankind.

THE highly cultivated British Minister at Jeddah has succeeded in making the most valuable treatise on Japan * as repulsive as possible, by marvellous garrulity upon every subject that fell in his way. Many of his chapters might be condensed into single pages ; and the omission of half his sentences, not to say three quarters, would add strength to those which remain. Still, in the two bushels of chaff are many grains of wheat. He is doubtful, after all, if any blessing is conferred on the Japanese by breaking down the convent-walls of their seclusion. He finds the population industrious and frugal, contented and servile ; the crimes against property rare, those upon the person common ; their habits self-denying, yet intemperate ; their women superior to other Asiatics, and yet given to prostitution. In fact, the country is full of

* *The Yang-Tsze.* By CAPT. THOMAS W. BLAKISTON. London: John Murray. 1862.

† *Capital of the Tycoon.* By SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, Envoy Extraordinary in Japan. 2 vols. with 100 Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

paradoxes ; their books begin where others end ; their writing is from right to left and from bottom to top of the page ; their locks, though an imitation of ours, turn the opposite way ; the old men fly kites, while the children look on ; the carpenter draws his plane towards him, while the tailor stitches from him ; the horses reverse their position in the stables, and wear their bells on the hind-quarters ; the women black their teeth instead of whitening them, and bind their dresses so close around their feet that it is a wonder they can move. The flowers have no scent, the birds no song, the vegetables no flavor ; yet, for compensation, the houses have no bugs, the country no lawyers, and the women no expansive skirts.

Sir Rutherford shows that the feudal aristocracy, who hold nine tenths of the land, and are virtually independent rulers, detest foreign trade, and employ the utmost ingenuity to evade the recent treaties with the United States, England, and France. These "Daimios" find the expenses of their numerous followers immensely increased by the new traffic, and are shrewd enough to see that it is a stealthy blow at their barbarous despotism. Meanwhile the invading foreigners are not agreed. Holland prefers the claim of long-tried subserviency to Japanese prejudice. France has her Roman Catholic propagandists. America appears on the stage as a mercantile friend of the half-awake Tycoon. Great Britain alone stands up in the *rôle* of merchant warrior, bristling with guns, remonstrating with frigates, threatening every violation of the treaty with condign punishment. Sir Rutherford does not relish Mr. Harris's pacific bearing, for the same reason that we should ; his mission was to place a new candidate for commercial intercourse on more friendly relations than any European power, by concessions to national prejudice, and the gradual introduction of a profitable commerce. This he has done with marked success ; and the future will not fail to hold his name in honor. He has kept his temper against every provocation, exposed his life to daily peril, and procured for his countrymen immense privileges, without insulting the native rulers or outraging native prejudices.

FOR condensation of statement, grace of narrative, variety of intelligence, and pervading mirthfulness, the little work "Japanese Fragments" * surpasses anything yet written on that secluded land. Having read the recent accounts of these unwilling acquaintance of ours, we find in Captain Osborn's funny book nearly everything of value in the larger works, but better told and more impressively illustrated. The Captain himself seems to overflow with mirth ; and to have determined that, if these whimsical folk will not yield us a liberal commerce, nothing shall save them from giving us hearty sport, as, in his view of their humor, they gladly would. The illustrations, if not so elegant as in the "Capital of the Tycoon," are more instructive, especially as to the low estate of Japanese art.

* Japanese Fragments, with Illustrations by Artists of Yedo. By CAPT. SHEARD OSBORN. London : Bradbury and Evans.

THE son of the celebrated General Paez of Venezuela has paid a worthy tribute to his father's memory in his description of "Wild Scenes in South America."* The larger part of the very attractive narrative is occupied with the chase, capture, branding, and driving home of the vast herds of wild cattle, which make the only wealth of those desolate plains. Fishing and hunting upon a giant scale, however, relieve the severe and often perilous task of securing the live property floating over the unfenced lands. Besides terrific contests with immense crocodiles, ferocious wild beasts were frequently encountered, not without loss of life, poisonous reptiles had to be guarded against, and swarms of venomous insects endured as they could. A vivid picture of half-savage life is given in the writer's experience of severe marches, protracted hunger, narrow escapes, frightful tempests, sometimes unsuccessful attacks, and prolonged sufferings of every kind. The closing chapters, devoted to the war of independence, open with noble exploits, but close in the sadness of self-imposed exile. A melancholy story, on the whole, but no worse than was to have been expected from the insanity of attempting a peaceful republic among races mutually hostile, unprepared for self-government, and inspired by no healthful sentiment of religion. Even the steady tyranny of Spain might have proved less destructive than the bloody strife of President with President and Liberal with Conservative. Cowardice and vengeance, treachery and cruelty, waste of resources and sacrifice of life, lend so dark a color to the latter portion of the Wild Scenes, it is with a feeling of relief that one witnesses the curtain fall at last upon the field of blood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIKE her father, Miss Thackeray † possesses the power of graphic delineation, sketching scenes and characters as vividly and truthfully, if not quite so boldly. The coloring is even warmer and brighter, for she looks out on the world with more youthful eyes. Her insight, just as it is, is more the intuitive perception of genius than the broader insight educated by observation and personal experience. Hence she has none of that surface cynicism and caustic humor so repulsive to superficial readers of Thackeray. Her style, is clear, liquid, and graceful, and, if not so forcible as that of her father, is more uniformly agreeable. It is entirely free from those mannerisms which so severely try the patience of even his warmest admirers. It is not discursive or argumentative. The even flow of the narrative is not interrupted by needless digressions, nor hampered by tedious genealogical records. While in neither matter nor manner she resembles Thackeray, still she recalls him occasionally in the turn of a sentence or in the quaintness of a reflection, but only in the same measure as a chance gesture or tone of

* *Wild Scenes in South America; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela.* By DON RAMON PAEZ. New York : Scribner. 1862.

† *The Story of Elizabeth.* Reprinted from the Cornhill Magazine. New York : James G. Gregory. 1863.

voice of a stranger recalls a familiar friend. Like him, she speaks of the characters of her story as personal acquaintances, extenuates their foibles, and pities their sorrows; for, pleasant as is the permanent impression, her narrative at times is sadly, strangely pathetic. But the author does not strive to excite painful emotions. Our sadness seems only the result of our own realization of, and sympathy with, the situation of the heroine. Miss Thackeray simply tells her story as it shaped itself in her mind,—tells it as though she had herself witnessed the scenes she relates, and were bound to record them faithfully. The very simplicity of her style adds to its effect, and as she proceeds every incident and character becomes so intensely vivified that it is no longer a romance we are reading, but a drama to which we are listening. Few descriptions equal in graphic force that of the dismal old house of the "Pasteur Tourneur," and the life led within its walls. There is "the desolate garden, with wall-flowers and stocks and tall yellow weeds all flowering together, and fruit-trees running wild against the wall";—poor Elizabeth looking out wistfully from the window of her bare little room, and turning at the "melancholy bell" which brings in the five pupils clattering with "great big-nailed shoes" over the uncarpeted stairs; the dining-room with its long table, covered with a soiled blue striped table-cloth, and Madame Tourneur "ladling out the cabbage-soup," while Madame Jacob reproves Elizabeth. These scenes, together with the prayer-meetings, lectures, and classes, form a series of such mournful tableaux that we too feel stifled, and are not surprised that Elizabeth mopes and pines away.

A more lovable or natural heroine than Elizabeth, or "Elly," as she is familiarly called, it would be difficult to find. Even in her naughtiness and petulance she is charming, and inspires the liveliest sympathy and regard. She is simple and unaffected, not highly endowed intellectually, not wise, but loving and lovely. And if sorrow teaches her at last to be heroic, hers is by no means a stilted heroism, for she learns the hard lesson in so artless and touching a way that it robs her of none of her childlike grace. The episode at the theatre, where she is ruthlessly carried off by the scandalized pastors, at the very moment she hears that the man she loves, and who loves her, is affianced to his cousin, is characterized by great dramatic power.

John Dampier, the successful lover, recalls Thackeray's heroes; not that he resembles any one of them, but he belongs to the same class of men. He is an attractive, good-hearted, weak young man of the world,—a perfectly natural character, if not very forcible;—one of those men who are doted upon by maiden aunts and older sisters, because they come to them for advice, which they thankfully receive, but never follow. He loves Elly, but his mother does not approve of the connection; and then his cousin has fifty thousand pounds. Will Dampier has much more force, but for Elly's sake, if not for his own, we are glad that John is allowed to marry her at last.

This exquisite little story, when once read, can never be forgotten. It must ever be remembered with affectionate interest, inasmuch as it imparts its own warmth and glow to its readers, associating itself closely

with all pleasant memories, such as "song of bird and hue and odor of blossom," which in its sweetness, freshness, and delicate coloring it much resembles.

THE little volume of "Miscellaneous Writings" by the late Chancellor Hoyt of St. Louis,* will be read with interest, not only by the large circle of his personal friends, but also by many who knew him only through his growing reputation, and who will be attracted to his writings by the importance of the themes discussed, the freshness and vigor of the thought, the aptness of the illustrations, and by the healthfulness of tone which even physical sickness could not disturb. The collection comprises two addresses,—the admirable Inaugural Address on "The Relation of Culture and Knowledge in a University Education," delivered on occasion of his entering on the duties of Chancellor of Washington University, and an address on "Progress in Popular Education," delivered before several Teachers' Institutes; four very able and attractive review-articles; two lyceum lectures; and several speeches, and other papers. In all of Mr. Hoyt's writings we see evidences of a ripe and various culture, a sound and exercised judgment, a genial and healthful spirit, and a directness of purpose, which, with his perfect intellectual honesty, were doubtless among the chief elements in his great professional success both at Exeter and at St. Louis. Many of his papers, it is true, bear the marks of haste in preparation, and there are a few inelegancies of expression, which would probably have been corrected if Mr. Hoyt had lived long enough to make a proper revision of the whole volume; but with these exceptions his style is clear, strong, and adequate to the demands of his subjects. As a writer on topics connected with the advance of liberal culture, a high rank must be assigned him; and many of his criticisms on literary topics are striking and happy. Prefixed to the collection is a short and admirable Preface by Professor Peabody of Cambridge, doing full justice to Mr. Hoyt's great moral excellence, and his intellectual ability. The volume is also enriched by an excellent portrait of the author.

IT is not easy to say too much in praise of Mr. Calvert's little treatise,† which might, in Kantian phrase, be designated "The Critique of the Pure Gentleman." The author is known to the literary world by various publications — prose and poetry — extending over a space of thirty years. Among the former, the translation of Schiller's and Goethe's Correspondence, and "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," have obtained the greatest celebrity; of the latter, two "Comedies," published in 1856 by Phillips and Sampson, hold the foremost place. These last discover true genius, and deserve, in our judgment, to be more widely known.

* *Miscellaneous Writings: Addresses, Lectures, and Reviews.* By JOSEPH G. HOYT, LL.D. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1863. Small 8vo. pp. viii. and 302.

† *The Gentleman.* By GEORGE H. CALVERT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

In the present volume he speaks from a height of experience and refinement which gives his statements an authority beyond the intuitions of genius, and beyond the subtleties of criticism. No mere intellectual discrimination is equal to the appreciation of the Gentleman. Mr. Calvert, whose illustrious ancestor, the founder of Maryland, wrote a book on "The Practice of Princes," might seem to have an hereditary vocation for the theme discussed in these pages. Certainly he handles it *en maître*.

Among the choice specimens of the gentleman which he puts forward, appears the figure of St. Paul, from whose speech before Agrippa he cites a notable illustration.

"Then Agrippa said to Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. And Paul said, I would to God that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am.' Here was a fitting close to the most beautiful, the most memorable speech on record. To all orators of whom we know, it had here been finished and well finished; not so to St. Paul. To him three words were yet wanting to it,—words which could only have been spoken by the tongue of one, a gentleman of ripest sensibility, of the most tender regardfulness towards others, and of a high-bred grace, the like of which the king in his many audiences had not surely witnessed before. Figure his great countenance aglow with the sublime fulness of the occasion, as, slightly bending forward and lifting up his manacled hands, he adds, 'except these bonds.' This extemporaneous utterance of exquisite yet simple feeling, of subtlest consideration for his hearers, an instantaneous feeling-full thoughtfulness, as far exceeds all famous strokes of oratory as the play of lightning exceeds all pyrotechnic ostentation."

Whilst insisting that *gentlemanliness* is a product of Christian culture, and scarcely known to the ancients, the author recognizes one or two signal exceptions, and especially that of Socrates, in whose desire to bathe before drinking the poison, in order "*not to trouble the women with the washing of my dead body*, that which is of the inmost essence of gentlemanhood, kindly, anticipative thoughtfulness for others, is here — considering the occasion and the moment — carried to the sublime."

Among the Romans, the only gentleman who pre-eminently deserves that distinction, according to Mr. Calvert, is Brutus. A conclusion from which we strongly dissent. The Brutus of history is a pedant and an assassin; it is only on the stage that he is made the model gentleman of Rome. There are many besides who may better claim that title,— Scipio Africanus, for example, and Fabius Maximus. Indeed, although we allow the general truth of Mr. Calvert's position as to the superiority of the Christian style, we must take a wider margin of qualification than he has conceded. There never was a class of men over whom the sentiment of "*noblesse oblige*" had more power than the aristocracy of Rome; and notwithstanding the coarse and disdainful temper illustrated by a passage between Cato and Cæsar, quoted from Plutarch (p. 63), there was never, we suspect, a Christian parliament or council subsisting for the same length of time, whose record has shown more of the personal pride and self-respect which we connect with the idea of a real gentleman, than the Roman Senate.

The author does not affect to give a catalogue of the foremost gen-

lemen of the world, and yet we are rather surprised to find no mention made of two such conspicuous figures as Tancred and Salah-ed-din, the 'two gentlemen of the Crusades.'

As a storehouse of information, Mr. Emerson's account of London * is very valuable, but as a work of entertainment or genius it can only be likened to the numerous compilations of Mr. Charles Knight, more weighty than brilliant. With such abundant material at command, he might easily have put together a picturesque book, which this certainly is not. From the lack of word-painting, we miss all the more the illustrations which the pages require. Its merits are rather negative than positive. It does not offend good taste, does not repeat profane or vulgar jokes, does not vex the reader by tiresome stories or pointless anecdotes, and does not weary by endless antiquarian details. There is nothing disagreeable in the matter, and the topics are well arranged and fairly balanced. Nevertheless, it is evident that Mr. Emerson has not made a good history of London, and that he is not equal to the task of writing such a history. He has some skill in describing recent improvements, but little in restoring life to the former days.

By far the most interesting part of the volume are the chapters which describe the City of London proper, that central nucleus around which the agglomeration of suburbs has clustered. Many facts related of this ancient centre will be new to most readers. Few, for instance, we think, are aware how much larger and finer was the Gothic Cathedral of St. Paul, which was burned in the great fire two hundred years ago, than the Romanesque structure which is Christopher Wren's famous monument on that site. The length of "Old St. Paul's" was two hundred feet more than the length of the present building. The height of the spire was five hundred and twenty feet, fifty feet higher than the spire at Strasburg, and higher even than the Great Pyramid in Egypt. The space covered by it was three and a half acres; and the description of its interior magnificence sounds like the stories of Arabian romance. Dugdale fills twenty-eight folio volumes with a list of the treasures of this wonderful building. The loss of such a masterpiece of art and grandeur was indeed irreparable.

It is interesting, too, to know that more than three centuries ago London contained more inhabitants than the City proper, of which the Lord Mayor has jurisdiction, contains to-day, and that the population of London then was considerably less than the population of Boston now. Indeed, from this account it appears that the official who entertains traitors to-day rules over a population only about as large as that of Chicago, and that no less than eight American mayors have a larger constituency than this functionary. Many of the suburban boroughs of London are far larger than the "City" itself. Southwark is larger; Marylebone is larger; and in comparison with the united suburbs, the "City" is insignificant. The Lord Mayor really governs only about one twentieth of the "great city."

* London : How the Great City Grew. By GEORGE ROSE EMERSON. London : Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1862. 16mo. pp. 313.

A remarkable fact in ecclesiastical story is mentioned in the account of Bankside. Here, some three centuries ago, were a collection of brothels, leased expressly for this use from the Bishops of Winchester who owned the property, under the stipulation that the houses were not to be opened on Sunday. The poor creatures to whom the Church refused Christian burial were allowed to turn the revenues of their abominable trade into the coffers of the Church. On one of these houses a Cardinal's hat was the sign. This is rather worse than what Ben Jonson tells of the traffic in St. Paul's; that "books, clothes, and tobacco were sold in the side aisles," and that the place was the habitual resort of usurers, blacklegs, horse-jockeys, and cut-throats. The details of this volume of Mr. Emerson (albeit he seems to be not a Dissenter, but a Churchman) are by no means complimentary to the morality of the Establishment.

After telling us about the growth of the central city, which since 1500 has been rather change than growth, Mr. Emerson sketches successively the history of Westminster, of Bermondsey and Southwark, of Kennington and Lambeth, of the West End, of the East End, of the Isle of Dogs and Rotherhithe, of Poplar, Bromley, and Blackwall, of Islington, of Pimlico and Chelsea, of Kensington and Hammersmith, of the Northwest, of Bethnal Green and Hackney, of Greenwich, of Deptford, and of Camberwell and Peckham. In these sketches, of course, he refers to the names of many noted men associated with the several localities. But the notices of this kind are very imperfect. Charles Lamb, Johnson, and other Londoners of equally positive mark, are barely mentioned. Coleridge is not mentioned that we remember. There is a pleasant picture of the household of Sir Thomas More, but no account of many households more distinctly joined to the several localities. We are not told about the history of the British Museum, or of Christ's Hospital, or of Drury Lane Theatre, though due attention is given to Mr. Spurgeon and his Tabernacle.

The nearest approach to a sarcasm in the volume is what is said of the Belgravian fashionable churches.

"Where there was so much aristocracy, of course there was a good deal of piety; so churches were needed in order that the *beau monde* might fitly worship. When churches are built in low neighborhoods, such as Bethnal Green, it is always because the people are so depraved that churches are required to convert them; but in such choice spots as Belgravia the demand comes from the piety, not the wickedness."

THE completion of a work * so extensive, so honorable to the enterprise of its publishers and the skill of its conductors, and embodying in a clear, popular, and agreeable form so vast an amount of information of the sort most needed by the great reading public of our country, deserves more than the passing notice we were able to give it in our last number. We have several times directed attention to the features

* The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. XVI.

which characterize this work,—its unusual completeness in the list of topics, especially in the department of contemporary history and biography, and the general skill and felicity of its literary style, making it an excellent compend of popular reading, aside from its merits as a mere work of reference. The want of balance and proportion of parts, resulting partly from this latter feature of it, is well compensated by the authority given it in a list of contributors including (we were about to say) almost every name of any literary or professional eminence in America. To this we have now to add the Appendix, included in the present volume, and containing much the largest and most accessible mass of information on the momentous history of the last three years; and the Supplement which is announced, and of which the second volume has just appeared, to be contained in an annual volume of the same style and price with the original work. We learn, besides, that "a copious Alphabetical Index to the whole work is now in preparation, and will probably be issued in the course of the ensuing season." This will fully remedy the defect in its mechanical arrangement, to which we have before referred; and will make it a compilation of unique character and value.

IN this connection we would refer again to the more compact and admirably prepared Encyclopædia* in course of republication by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia. In bulk, cost, and absolute number of titles, it is just about half the American work; and of course in its own field has no claim that can come in competition with it. But as a work of clear and easy reference, of sufficient fulness, and excellent arrangement and proportion of matter, it is perhaps unrivalled. Especially on topics of Science, Art, and Industry, we find ourselves referring to it more frequently than to any other; while its illustrations, particularly in Natural History, are drawn with great care and delicacy, and largely increase its value. The maps, which are beautifully executed, may be had either separately, or bound in the volumes of the main work. No one who is fortunate enough to possess both these excellent publications will regret the space they occupy on the family library-shelves.

A PAMPHLET prepared by Dr. Bowditch, on the need of a thoroughly organized Ambulance Corps, for the wounded and sick of our great armies, is illustrated by some of the most painful incidents of the recent campaigns, and deserves the attention of the general public, as well as of all men in authority.

* Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. No. 63. Ides—Influenza.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Lectures on the Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures. Also, The Holy Word in its own Defence; addressed to Bishop Colenso and all other earnest Seekers after Truth. By Rev. Abiel Silver. (These two volumes contain a sincere attempt to vindicate the Scripture from the results of modern criticism, on Swedenborgian postulates.)

Triumphs of the Bible, with the Testimony of Science to its Truth. By Rev. Henry Tullidge. New York: C. Scribner. 12mo. pp. 439. (Interesting in some details, but not fully posted in the science of which it treats.)

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other Papers. By Thomas Fuller. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 397. (In grave and very handsome style, uniform with Sir Thomas Browne's Writings.)

Woman and her Saviour in Persia. By a Returned Missionary. With Illustrations, and a Map of the Nestorian Country. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 303.

Historical Sketch of the Twelfth Congregational Church in Boston. By Lewis G. Pray. Boston: J. Wilson & Son. 18mo. pp. 123.

Substance and Shadow; or, Morality and Religion in their Relation to Life: an Essay upon the Physics of Creation. By Henry James. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 539. (A remarkable book, which we hope to review in a future number.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760-1860. By Thomas Erskine May. Vol. II. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

The Story of my Career as Student and Professor, with Personal Reminiscences of Goethe, Schiller, Schleiermacher, and others. By Heinrich Steffens. Translated (and abridged) by W. L. Gage. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 284.

Christopher North. A Memoir of John Wilson, compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. New York: W. J. Widdleton. Large 12mo. pp. 484. (An account of this charming Memoir appeared in the Examiner for March. In style of typography and illustration, this beautiful reprint is fully worthy of the original.)

Chaplain Fuller: being a Life Sketch of a New England Clergyman and Army Chaplain. By Richard F. Fuller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. (The story of a career of singular energy and self-reliance, and connected with several of the most striking incidents of the war. Mr. Fuller was a man of fearless and eager devotion to the cause he had espoused; and the spirit in which he at length sacrificed his life in the disastrous movement upon Fredericksburg is affectionately and proudly vindicated.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous. By G. A. Sala.

Slaves of the Ring; or, Before and After. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

Tales and Sketches. By Hugh Miller. Edited, with a Preface, by Mrs. Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 369.

Two Pictures; or, What we think of Ourselves, and What the World

thinks of Us. By M. J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 476.

A Glimpse of the World. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 428.

Lilian. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (A brief sketch, unskilled and wildly improbable in incident, but with exquisite glimpses of scenery, and true artistic feeling. The little tale of Italian tragedy introduced in it is told with fine dramatic effect.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Out-Door Papers. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. (Vigorous and brilliant; full of eloquent common-sense.)

The Crisis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 95. (A plea for the concession of Southern demands.)

The Natural Laws of Husbandry. By Justus von Liebig. Edited by John Blyth, M. D. New York: D. Appleton. Large 12mo. pp. 387. Appendices and Index. (This very handsome volume contains, along with Baron Liebig's latest views on the science of the subject,—some of which oppose strongly the common opinion as to the value of nitrogenized manures,—many interesting facts as to the history of agriculture, and an extremely curious account of the system followed, with such marvellous results, on the petty homesteads of Japan.)

Friends in Council; a Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. Reprinted from the last English Edition. New York: James Miller. 2 vols.

Money. By Charles Moran. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 228. (An exposition of the *natural laws* of demand and supply of money, and of its purely *representative* value; which, it is urged, should be left absolutely unembarrassed by legislation.)

The Children's Garland from the Best Poets. Selected and arranged by Coventry Patmore. Cambridge: Sever & Francis. (Another exquisite volume, uniform with "The Golden Treasury"; containing, not poetry about children, nor what is commonly reckoned "children's poetry," but such of the finest poems as intelligent children can enjoy. The series promises to be the most ornamental, and one of the most valuable, issued by the American press.)

*** *The present number of the Examiner has been delayed a few days, in expectation of a paper upon "Loyalty in the West," which we hope to present in September.*